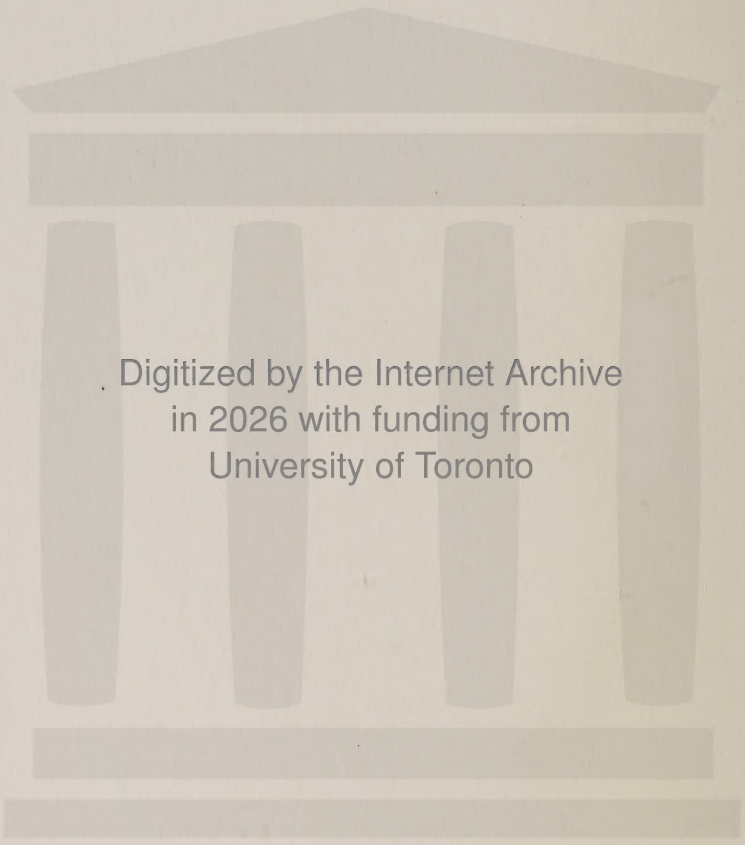
THE BASUTO OF BASUTOLAND

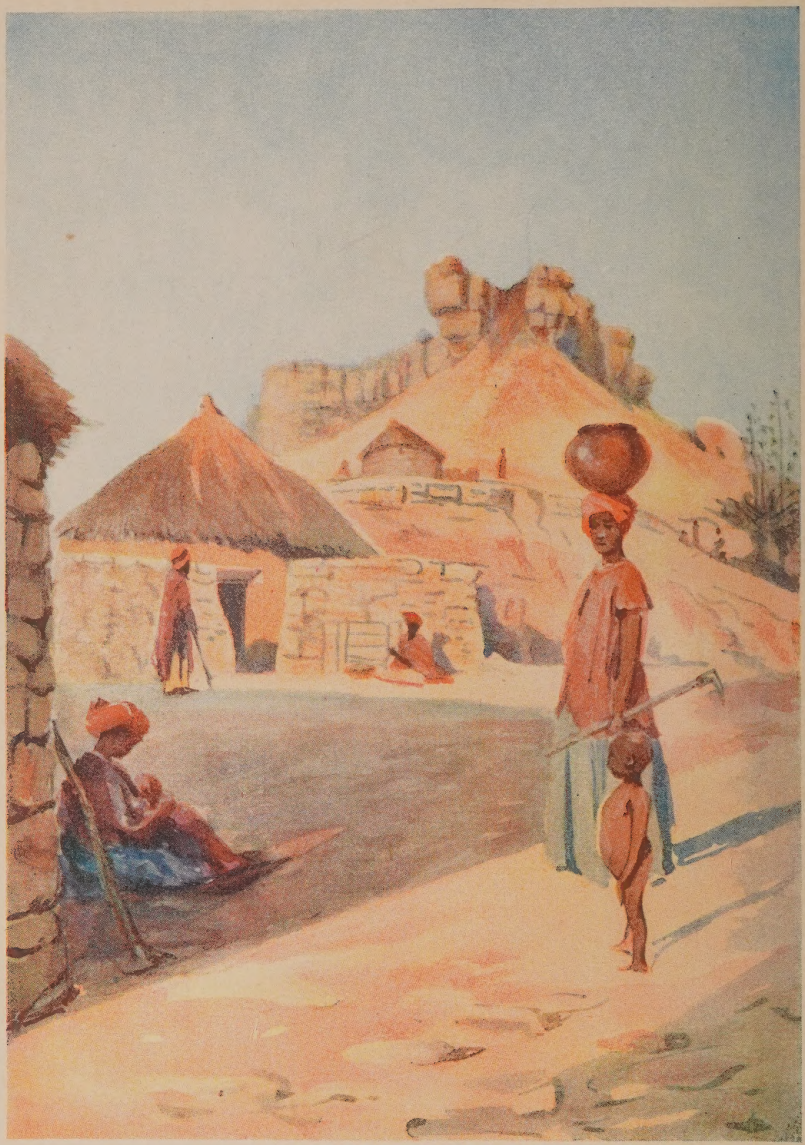
E. A. T. DUTTON

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 00890304 9

The Basuto of Basutoland


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/basutoofbasutola0000dutt



THABA BOSIU

The Mountain Stronghold of Moshesh

From a painting by F. H. Dutton

The Basuto of Basutoland

by Major E. A. T. Dutton

Jonathan Cape
Eleven Gower Street, London

First published 1923
All rights reserved

DT
782
V8

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner, *Frome and London*

TO MY
MOTHER

Preface

THESE few pages attempt to show the Basuto people in their homes, to tell in brief outline their history, and to describe their country. They aim at satisfying the appetite of those who, having friends in Basutoland, want to know something of the place, its scenery and its people without being glutted with the intricacies of tribal genealogies and the minute details of internecine strife. The reader who asks for more will find in the Bibliography books enough for the most robust appetite.

There must be many better qualified for the task, and if any faults of mine will tempt them to write, so much the better. My information, however, comes from good sources ; indeed, it is only owing to the kindness of others that this book has ever appeared.

To Mr. F. H. Dutton, the Director of Education in Basutoland, who has an exceptionally intimate knowledge of the interior of the country, I owe an immense debt for my frontispiece and numerous photographs, but especially for many copious notes on manners and customs and many pleasant conversations on the book in something like its present form.

I am also indebted to the late Mr. T. P. Kennan, for many years an Assistant Commissioner in Basutoland, whose knowledge of the country extended from 1877 to 1920, for many anecdotes and suggestions ; to Father Heinrich, for permission to use some of his excellent photographs ; to Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Dutton, for their help in checking references and in compiling the Index ; to Mr. A. C. G. Lloyd, the Chief Librarian at Cape Town, for additions to the Bibliography ; and to Mr. A. S. Owen, of Keble

College, Oxford, for reading through the proofs and for much advice.

My indebtedness to other works on the subject I have endeavoured always to acknowledge by means of footnotes.

E. A. T. D.

UGANDA,
26th August, 1922.

Contents

CHAP.		PAGE
	Preface	7
	List of Illustrations	11
1.	Introductory	13
2.	The Country	17
3.	Early History: Bushman and Bantu	25
4.	Modern Times: Four Great Basuto	33
5.	The People	55
6.	Their Life	61
7.	The Family Circle	67
8.	Women	75
9.	Hospitality	81
10.	Superstition	85
11.	Folk-tales	93
	Appendix A. The Battle of Berea	103
	„ B. Bibliography	114
	„ C. Administration and Statistics	126
	Index	129

Illustrations

Thaba Bosiu : The Mountain Stronghold of Moshesh (*from a painting by F. H. Dutton*) *Frontispiece*

		FACE PAGE
Mokhele Mountain	*F. H. Dutton*	16
The 'Maletsunyane Falls	*Rev. Heinrich*	18
The Upper Orange River	*Rev. Heinrich*	20
A Silent Observer	*F. H. Dutton*	22
The Valley of the Putiatsana River	*Rev. Heinrich*	26
Peete's Village	*Rev. Heinrich*	28
The Results of Erosion	*F. H. Dutton*	30
The Maluti Mountains	*Rev. Heinrich*	32
Machacha Mountain	*Rev. Heinrich*	34
Mopholong, near Roma	*Rev. Heinrich*	36
Popa, Popanyane and Thaba Telle Mountains	*Rev. Heinrich*	38
A Matabele Barber	*F. H. Dutton*	42
Qiloane Mountain	*Rev. Heinrich*	44
Senqunyane River	*Rev. Heinrich*	46
Gathering the Mealies	*F. H. Dutton*	50
Hoeing	*F. H. Dutton*	50
Threshing	*E. A. T. Dutton*	52
Cooking in the Lands	*F. H. Dutton*	52
Household Repairs (i)	*F. H. Dutton*	54
Pounding Wheat	*F. H. Dutton*	58
Preparing the Family Meal	*F. H. Dutton*	58
Household Repairs (ii)	*F. H. Dutton*	60
Angora Goats	*Rev. Heinrich*	62
Two young Girls	*F. H. Dutton*	66
Coming from the Spring	*F. H. Dutton*	66
A Witch-Doctress	*F. H. Dutton*	68
Bale Girls at Play (i) and (ii)	*F. H. Dutton*	70
Bale Girls : The Parade	*F. H. Dutton*	74
Bale Girls : The Arrival at the Village	*F. H. Dutton*	74
Madele : An Old Woman of Mphotos	*E. A. T. Dutton*	76

Illustrations

		FACE PAGE
"Young Herds ride Anything and Everything that can boast four Legs" (i) and (ii)	*F. H. Dutton*	78
Bale Girls Wearing Veils	*F. H. Dutton*	80
The Hut	*F. H. Dutton*	82
Returning from the Lands	*Rev. Heinrich*	84
Polishing Feet	*F. H. Dutton*	84
Khiba : A Dance	*F. H. Dutton*	86
Moraba-raba : A Game of Chess	*F. H. Dutton*	90
Herd Boys Dancing : Youth—	*F. H. Dutton*	92
Sampling the Family Brew :—and Age	*F. H. Dutton*	92
Taking Lighted Fuel to the Lands	*F. H. Dutton*	94
"White" Bale Girls	*F. H. Dutton*	96

MAP.

Sketch-Map of Operations on Berea Mountain	*page*	108

Chapter 1 Introductory

IT is a pity that so many Europeans in South Africa come into contact with the least characteristic and the least picturesque side of native life. A visitor from Europe cannot as a rule expect to observe much more of native life than is visible from the train ; the farmer and the townsman see the native from the nearer, but not necessarily more accurate, point of view of the harassed master.

But the native who thus comes into contact with the European is one who has left his environment, his customs and his tribal life, and is no longer *typical.* He may even have been born in that sordid travesty of a European civilization—a " location," or he may have come recently from his kraal and be what is known as a " raw boy," but the fact remains that he is no longer representative. He has left an environment of which we know little, but which means all to him. The etiquette to which he is accustomed is discarded ; what he considered wrong, he finds is no longer wrong ; customs he respected, he finds often not to exist ; what he considered politeness, now may even become rudeness. If he tries to throw aside his earlier prejudices and become like the strange men among whom he finds himself—to wear trousers and a high collar, to ride a bicycle and marry according to our custom—pitfalls lie around him in all directions ; he becomes a " town boy," lazy and perhaps dishonest, his primitive virtues he throws off and adds civilized to savage vices ; in short, he is justly looked upon as scum. If " he shuts his ears " and remains himself, he is considered an intractable barbarian, an amusing and quite useful boy. In this state he is probably most happy, but, as a rule, he soon struggles to change his manner of living.

But away from contact with civilization are well-ordered villages and a society of very ordinary laws and conventions, with fleeting fashions and changing shades of public opinion, the

privileged class, the miser and the spendthrift, the prig and the reprobate son of a prosperous father, the lazy and the industrious, and the poor. There, too, society is divided up into cliques with stereotyped ideas about what is good form and just where a man's conduct passes its limits. Nearly all our types are represented there, and the illustrations in this book are intended to show the reader something of the ordinary everyday life that the natives—or rather, those natives known as the Basuto [1]—lead in their own country. And when we smile at some piquant or curious point of etiquette which convention compels them to observe, it is well to remember that a young Mosuto is very probably equally amused at the idea of a European attending a dance on a sweltering mid-summer night arrayed in thick black clothes, a stiff collar and shirt front and patent leather shoes, knowing, as he does, that this sort of thing can be done so much more comfortably naked.

The illustrations are typical of the Basuto and the land in which they live. They show a people advancing slowly from their ancestral state ; a people who have come into the world without doctors, who have grown up without shops—without any of the contrivances and inventions of civilization—who know not

> The joyousness of hurrying,
> The ecstasies of speed—

who have maintained their rights without lawyers, and who have, for generations, faced drought, famine and pestilence, equipped only with the few seeds, grasses and stones which the not-over-kindly surface of South Africa presents to primitive humanity.

After having lived in the back-waters under a form of society that, in spite of family feuds and tribal squabbles, remained constant for many thousands of years, these people are now entering the swiftly moving stream of European civilization.

[1] Mosuto is the singular and Basuto the plural ; Sesuto is the language and Lesuto the country. It is strange that, though one is constantly obliged to use the word "native," the man himself knows no such word. He is a Zulu, a Xosa, a Mosuto, or Mochuana ; and each of these is miles apart from the other. It does not occur to him to classify himself under the abstract title which we are teaching him most dangerously to use.

Slowly the old ways and old customs are passing, and there is gradually emerging a trousered generation, glib with the smattering of a few years, contemptuous of its fathers. Yet, even now, save in the larger Government stations and in some of the border villages, the change is not apparent. In the interior the people are still untouched by outside influences, and here are to be found the real Basuto.

MOKHELE MOUNTAIN.

Chapter 2 The Country

ANYONE who looks at the map of South Africa will see a small mountainous area which lies between latitudes 29 and 30 degrees south and longitudes 27 and 28 degrees east. This is Basutoland, a territory of only a little more than 11,000 square miles. It is bounded by the Orange Free State on the west and north, by Natal on the east, and by the Cape Province on the south. The River Caledon provides a definite, clear-cut boundary for over a hundred miles along the borders of the Free State, and the Maluti Mountains for nearly one hundred and fifty miles along the north, east and south. In size it compares with Belgium, in character with Switzerland. The total population, according to the 1921 census, is about 500,000.

Thus, though Basutoland is fairly centrally situated in South Africa, a barrier of high mountains separates it from its neighbours on the north, on the east, and on the south. The natural and easy way of approaching it is from the west—over the plains of the Orange Free State. Arriving from this direction the traveller first of all sees a few scattered, flat-topped kopjes, lying on the veldt like battleships at anchor. As he proceeds east these isolated kopjes (each with its more or less broken deck of white sandstone) become more and more numerous and more closely set, till at last they merge together and form one continuous plateau, from the top of which rise the rugged Maluti Mountains, the source of three of South Africa's mightiest rivers—the St. John's, the Tugela and the Orange.

The mass of sandstone forming the foundation of the Malutis is deeply intersected by ravines, but it makes on the whole a fairly even plateau about 6,000 feet above sea-level.

Ironstone dykes traverse it in all directions, and, on either side

of the dykes, the sandstone is hardened and burnt by its contact with what must once have been the molten ironstone.

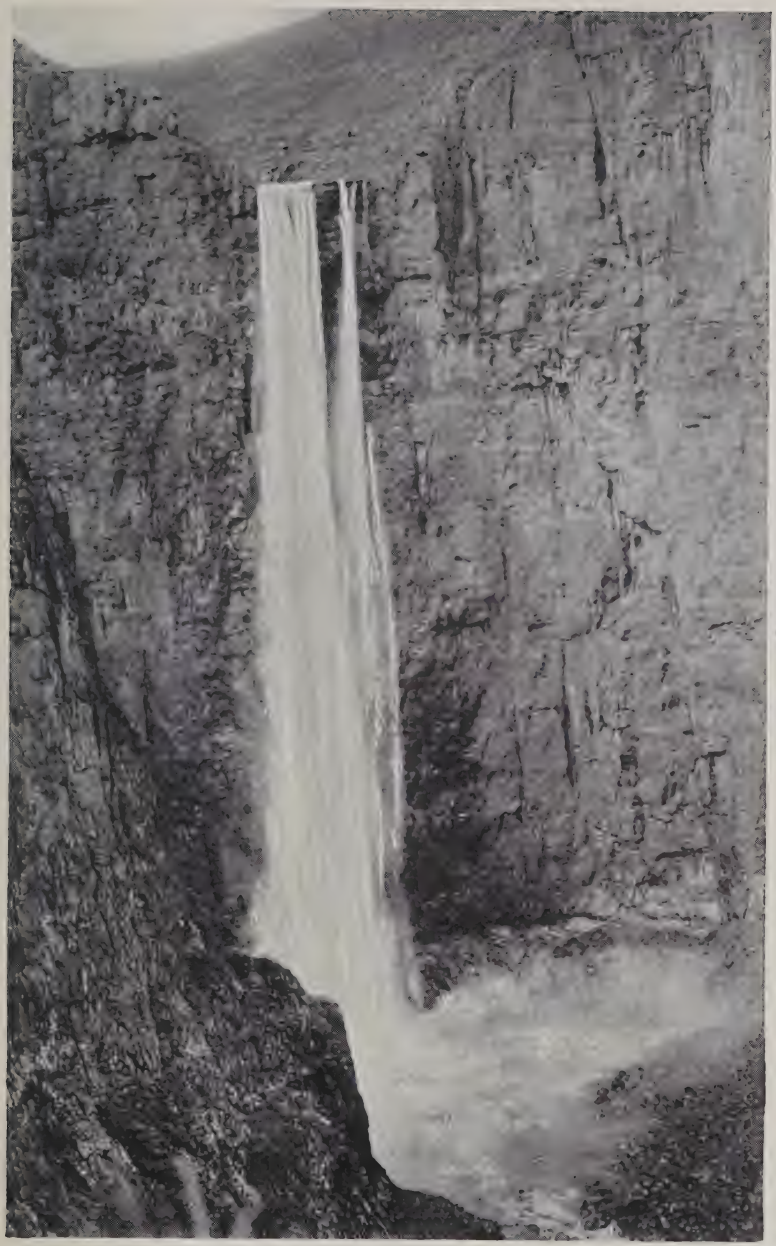
In weathering, the sandstone takes a precipitous edge. The soft shale lying beneath the sandstone crumbles away and makes a sort of cave formation under the overhanging rock. When this overhang becomes excessive a vast block falls and the sides of the kopjes become littered with the debris ; and though this process is still going on and disasters from the fall of rock continually occur, the parent rock loses nothing of its grandeur, but presents ever the same precipitous face to the attacks of the weather.

The narrow ironstone dykes, on the other hand, are composed of small rounded boulders, and these, in weathering and falling, make an incline which has a comparatively low angle and one that is traversible on foot and even on horseback.

It is necessary for the reader to grasp these details, these physical peculiarities (the combination of the flat sandstone cap with its precipitous edge and the ironstone dyke with its narrow, but easy, passage to the summit), for they have had a marked effect on the history of the race and afford an excellent illustration of the close connection between the two sciences of history and geography. In short, they made Basutoland the asylum of the weaker races. In the days of the native wars, when Chaka, in his *bella ad exterminationem*, was sending out his predatory *impis*[1] east and south, the smaller tribe, which would have been annihilated on the open veldt, could drive its cattle up the passage formed by the dyke to the grass-covered summit, then block the narrow pass with boulders and defy its stronger antagonist, who might search in vain for other means of access. From time to time other tribes would take refuge in this natural citadel and, allied with one another against the common foe, would become merged into one tribe under a common head.

The water-colour drawing of Thaba Bosiu provides an example ; from this it will easily be seen how formidable a defence is provided

[1] *Impi* is the Zulu word for an army.



THE 'MALETSUNYANE FALLS.
"A sheer and mighty leap of six hundred and sixty feet."

when the ironstone dyke, known in Sesuto as a *khoro* (a pass, or entry), is closed ; even for men armed with primitive weapons it is as safe as a walled city. What is not shown, but must be imagined, is the grass-covered and well-watered surface of the mountain-top. Undefended, the *khoro* would provide easy access to the summit ; defended, even by small numbers, it defied all the assaults of stronger and more disciplined armies. Moshesh defended its approaches against all comers. Even the burgher forces were repulsed here ; the leader, the gallant Wepener, was killed on the spot where the *khoro* enters the massive portals of the sandstone. The most famous of all these passes is " Lancers' Gap," near to the spot where some twenty Lancers took the wrong path down the Berea Mountain, and were surrounded and massacred by the Basuto at the bottom.

Though Thaba Bosiu is the best known of these flat-topped strongholds, there are many precipices far more impressive. In fact, so small do the cliffs of Thaba Bosiu appear (when seen from a distance and in comparison with the neighbouring hills) that its name, " The Hill of Night," was said to have been given it by the Zulu after they had been deceived by its size. Despising it as a " contemptible," the *impi* of Moselekatse, the lieutenant of Chaka, expected to take it easily in a night assault. On drawing nearer in the darkness and finding it utterly inaccessible, they declared to each other that it had grown bigger under cover of darkness. And to-day the superstition runs that the hill grows bigger in the night and comes back to its ordinary proportions with the dawn.

Another well-known precipice is the Ntlo-e-kholo (*the house that is big*), over which it was the custom to throw criminals, generally with their hands and feet tied, to be dashed to pieces among the boulders below.

Before leaving the isolated kopjes of which Thaba Bosiu may be considered typical—*ex uno disce omnes*—it may be added that the scenes connected with this the most famous of them have left

sufficient impression on the race for it to be constituted the burial ground for the chiefs of the Royal House.

Eastward still, the main plateau is climbed by the inevitable *khoro*, and from this plateau rise mountains entirely different, known by the Basuto as *Maluti*, or rugged. Chain upon chain, row upon row, these strange volcanic mountains confront one ; though they look like confusion personified, even they, in their anarchy, yield obedience to some mightier power and form up, however grudgingly, into colossal and majestic lines from north to south.

Nearly two-thirds of the country is covered by this formation, and until recently it was considered too inhospitable for human habitation. Though at first this land was used only as summer grazing for cattle, the pressing need for land—the population has risen from 127,000 in 1875 to 500,000 at the time of the last census (1921)—has compelled the Basuto to search for sheltered spots where huts may be built and crops may be grown. With the increase of stock it is now becoming common to drive cattle from increasingly greater distances to the grassy slopes found even among the most inaccessible mountains.

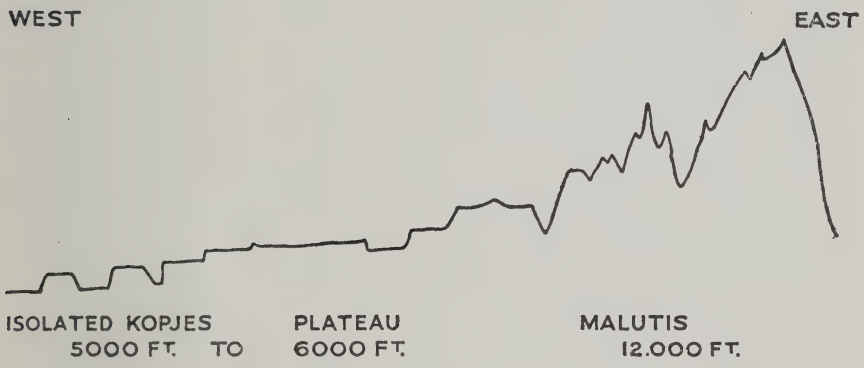
Though a number of the inhabitants become wealthy, life in the Malutis is by no means easy. Even in summer snow may fall and lie all day long, while in winter death from exposure is not unknown. To build a substantial hut, strong enough to withstand the piercing winds and the inclemency of the weather, is an immense labour : there are no trees for timber, and probably no thatching grass within miles of the spot. The clay and turf do not hold when made into walls ; and the masses of loosened rock that crash down the mountain-side do not add to the comfort of living. Moreover, everything has to be brought laboriously to the selected spot on the backs of ponies or on the heads of human beings. Yet they do build ; and doors, windows, even brass-bound bedsteads and other imposing ornaments of modern civilization, can be found in well-constructed villages where the

THE UPPER ORANGE RIVER.

only means of approach is a narrow and almost perpendicular goat-track.

The Maluti formation is so obvious that a glance at a photograph, even with the camera's tendency to level everything, is sufficient to give a fair idea of the Sesuto word *Maluti*, or *rugged*, to one unacquainted with the country.

Expressed in diagram the surface of Basutoland, then, is something like this :



All this goes to show how intractable the mountain regions are. Especially in the winter months is the country bare and stark—not a wrinkle, not a rock hid in the clear blazing atmosphere ; and the barrenness is intensified by the absence of trees and scrub. The winds blow piercingly and carry with them dense whirling columns of dust which render the road at this season irksome to horseman and foot-traveller alike. The air is cold and dry and ethereal ; the grass, for lack of rains, is burnt to its roots ; the ground is iron hard, a pale empty brown in colour ; and here and there scarred across its surface run horse and cattle tracks, idly intersecting and disappearing behind the undulating hills, only to reappear again pursuing a more arduous course across the face of the mountains or up the precipitous cliff of some gorge, seemingly no longer possible for the ordinarily footed wayfarer.

Farther inland the hills and valleys follow upon each other more and more closely, and, towering above their lesser brethren, are massed the giant Maluti peaks, their bold outline standing clearly out against the deep blue of the African sky.

With the spring comes a great change : the melting snows release myriads of tiny rivulets which run down the mountain-sides and in a few weeks transform the everywhere prevailing brown into the palest of greens, which only deepens in the fertile and sheltered tracts that lie between the mountains, where the grass grows long and luscious. Even now the scene has not put off its expression of stern simplicity ; yet it certainly lies more cheerful to the eye. A few months more and the rains begin ; often no ordinary rains, but torrential storms that lash with their fury and are gone ; that pile up masses of water in the rivers, sweeping all before them—the carelessly moored boat, the ill-constructed bridge, even the trees on the banks. There is hardly any warning :

> The heavens descend in gloom ; till mass on mass
> Accumulated, all the mighty womb
> Of vapour bursts tremendous. Loud resounds
> The torrent rain, and down the gutter'd slopes
> Rush the resistless waters. Then the leap
> Of headlong cataract is heard, and roar
> Of rivers struggling o'er their granite beds
> —Nor these alone—the giant tempest pass'd,
> A thousand brooks their liquid voices lift
> Melodiously, and through the smiling land
> Rejoicing roll.

Now the country is no longer a barren one ; now the narrow ledges on the perpendicular sides of the ravines are rich in flowers ; now the kloofs are filled with noisy birds clamouring in the leafy trees, almost the only trees in the country ; even the stony mountains are sprinkled with Alpine flowers and plants ; best of all, the mealies are ripening ; and everywhere is the fullness of life.

Nevertheless, to the Mosuto these are anxious months; for,

A SILENT OBSERVER.

(This photograph was taken of another subject, and the silent observer did not appear till it was developed.)

though the mealies turn more and more golden, they still need the cool rains if they are going to be worth the picking. To him the scenery counts for nothing, but all the seasons are most carefully watched ; every weather portent is noted, and prophecy is rife ; anxiously he will consult the rain-maker, for to him it is not a matter merely of profit, but almost of life, since a bad failure in his crops will bring him and his family perilously near to starvation.

To the casual traveller, however, who knows nothing of the lurking tragedies in a bad year, the country is packed with unexpected and splendid beauties ; and when he has penetrated far in (and there are few enough who do), the Maluti range discovers to him wild and extraordinary mountain scenes. If he lingers on, he finds, as the days go by, nature discloses still more joys to him. To view the snow-capped rocky buttresses and unexplored peaks ; to watch in their fastnesses the birth struggle of the minute spring, whence—

obliquo laborat
lympha fugax trepidare rivo

Labours the winding stream to run
Trembling and glittering to the sun—

soon to take a straighter course, a happy stripling of a river, pausing only to dive into a deep pool or force a passage through some more narrow gorge, and at the last to give itself up into the mightier waters of the Orange or the Caledon ; to gaze from below at the 'Maletsunyane River where it takes its sheer and mighty leap of 660 feet, forming falls rendered the more magnificent by their grim and forbidding surroundings, shunned by the Basuto as the retreat of noxious reptiles and evil spirits ; to surprise the rhebuck looking out from some rocky promontory over the expanse of country ; to hear in some wooded kloof the early-morning greeting of the dove, " Lumela ! Lumela ! " (its " *Good morning ! Good morning !* "), the chatter of the busy weaver birds and " the murmuring of innumerable bees " as they keep high

festival along the northern walls, and the purling of the stream over the stones far below ; all these are impressions of a beautiful country that remain unforgotten by the traveller, wherever else his duty or his inclination may lead him.

A beautiful country, but sadly disfigured and cut up by erosion ; and erosion is the anticlimax of Basutoland. The first stage is a path or sheep track, but owing to the alternation of drought and heavy rains, great ravines are formed sometimes from 30 to 40 feet wide and as many deep, their perpendicular sides buttressed with spires and columns of weird and fantastic shape. They are called *dongas*, and along these natural conduits the fertile soil is transported, with the help of the rain, to the rivers and they, in their turn, deposit it along their banks as they flow through the low-lying coastal regions on their way to the ocean. The most casual observer may see without difficulty the havoc these *dongas* are causing in the formation of the land by the attrition of its most valuable soil. It is fair to say that Basutoland has no more pressing question than this, and it will grow in urgency as time passes.

Chapter 3

Early History : Bushman and Bantu

THE dawn of history for what is now known as Basutoland, as well as its surrounding country, broke at the end of the eighteenth century, when the advanced guard of the Bantu hordes reached its confines. Before that it had been inhabited by wandering Bushmen ; and, since these curious people initiated their subsequent masters into many of their mysterious rites, taught them their manner of burial, enriched the Sesuto language with several hundred words of difficult pronunciation, and, by inter-marriage, contributed something to the formation of the national type, it is well to know a little of their characteristics and habits.

Averaging 4 feet in height,[1] they had, in spite of an ungainly body, well-shaped hands and feet ; in colour they were a dirty yellow ; ugly, with thick lips, receding chin, flat nose and flat forehead and small ears with no lobes ; their narrow, slanting eyes and prominent cheek-bones gave them a Mongolian appearance ; their scanty hair grew in small tufts like the isolated bushes on the open veldt ; their figure was lean. In character, they were great liars, great mimics, vindictive and cunning, but, to those they liked, capable of generosity and loyalty ; they preferred death to slavery. Eating and sleeping and hunting, with the carving of stone and the painting of their history, generally with red pigment,[2] on the rocks to fill in the intervening hours, formed the sum total of their existence ; of

[1] Some authorities say 4 feet 9 inches!

[2] " The last known Bushman artist of the Malutis had ten small horn pots hanging from a belt, each of which contained a different coloured paint. He was captured."—Stow, *The Native Races of South Africa*, p. 230.

the cultivation of the land or the rearing of sheep and cattle they understood nothing ; and to their minds a dwelling signified no more than a cave or the overhang of a rock or a few boughs placed together to form some slight shelter from wind and snow and rain. They lived by the hunt and fought with the bow ; the arrows were poisoned with the venom of snakes, the milk of the euphorbia or the extract from the amaryllis. They used skins for clothing and were fond of ornaments ; their food consisted of game, ants, locusts and lice ; for the cooking they had no pots, and the fire was produced by rubbing hard and soft wood together. It is difficult to describe them as being formed into tribes, since the tribe belongs to the patriarchal—as opposed to the savage—stage of society ; they were more like hunting packs scattered over the country-side, of which the totem group, distinguished by the sign of some natural object such as an animal or tree, was the real unit of society. As to marriage, there was no uniform custom and in several localities the " packs " appear to have lived together as a herd. The result of this system was that, speaking generally, all inheritance was reckoned through the females.

The fabric of savage society is very loosely knit and it is impossible to write of it with precision. Nevertheless, it is certain that, in the infancy of mankind, no sort of legislature or codification of laws is contemplated or conceived of. Law has scarcely reached the footing of custom ; it is rather habit. Further, law to the savage is largely a negative idea and consists of a list of things prohibited, or *taboo*. Should a falling boulder injure a man walking along a mountain path, it is assumed that the Mountain Spirit is offended. Henceforth, that path is *taboo*. Sometimes sacrifice of the unfortunate man to the spirit is made (though this particular form of placation does not appear to have been practised in Basutoland). If after the path had been proclaimed *taboo* any man should walk along it unharmed, he would be punished for being on terms of too great an intimacy with the Mountain Spirit ; if, on the other hand, some accident were to befall him on the way,

THE VALLEY OF THE PUTIATSANA RIVER.

he would naturally be punished, and very severely too, for causing further annoyance to the already disturbed deity.

This is a somewhat dark picture of the Bushmen, representing them as ignorant nomadic creatures, always on the alert against the attacks of enemies, with no settled food supply and no fixed home, and certainly no desire for either. It is, therefore, only fair to add that they possessed other qualities—qualities which are the admiration of civilized man. The late Dr. Theal,[1] the South African historian, says that, although of all human beings they had the smallest brains, " they could make their way, in a straight line, to any place where they had been before. Even a child of nine or ten years of age, removed from its parents to a distance of over a hundred miles and without opportunity of observing the country traversed, could, months later, return unerringly. They could give no explanation of the means by which they accomplished a task seemingly so difficult." On the other hand, other observers say that Bushmen had no senses more keen than other peoples', but that they generally knew what to look for. Experienced hunters declare that Europeans who have had long practice in veldt-lore are quite the equal of any Bushman. The very habits of the Bushmen trained their senses, and it is natural that they excited the wonder of the untrained traveller. They were always on the alert against danger, and thus they *developed* the faculty of tracing out the footprints of man or beast over hard ground ; of hearing sounds inaudible to civilized ears ; of seeing and of smelling when there was apparently nothing either to see or to smell ; and of predicting the approach of a storm from signs that would baffle the experienced meteorologist. They were extremely agile and quick-footed ; and they were possessed of a patience—when there was some definite object in view—beyond the dreams of Job. And these attributes have all served as milestones on the road to civilization.

[1] Theal, *The Yellow and Dark-skinned People of Africa South of the Zambesi*, p. 52.

When the Bantu came down from the north at first they lived at peace with and apart from the Bushmen, for as agriculturists they did not interfere with the life of the peaceful hunters ; but later on, in the times of the great Lifaqane,[1] and as the Bantu increased, the Bushmen began to disappear ; many fell to the unnatural appetites of those who, from starvation, turned cannibals ; many were killed by the invaders ; and others, when game became scarce, took to cattle-reiving and were punished by death. As a race they have ceased to exist, and with them, too, has vanished the wild game that over-ran these parts and was their prey ; now there remain only the rhebuck and the hartebeest.

Of the origin of the Bantu [2] tribes no one can tell. It is conjectured that the great migration southwards from Central Africa took place about 2,000 years ago, but when the tribes which to-day form the Basuto nation branched off from the parent stem no living Mosuto can say. Such tradition as there is—of course, the written word is totally absent—has been given orally from one generation to another. The ancestor the Basuto speak of is " Mopeli moholo oa rase apara lome, ha kea ikapesa ke apesitsoe " (*I am the great Mopeli, the wearer of " lome," I did not put on " lome " it was put on me*). No one seems to know what " lome " means, but it is said to refer to authority or chieftainship—" I did not seek for distinction, it was thrust upon me." Another name for this first ancestor is " Tlake," another again is " Mosito " (" *The Sinner* " or " *The Man with an obstacle* "). It is said he committed some sin, but there again it is not known what the sin was or what was the obstacle with which he had to contend. It is also told how, when the rocks were still plastic and received the impressions of

[1] A war waged generally by unsettled tribes ; the warriors were accompanied by their women, children and property. The particular reference is to the wars waged by Chaka. The " l " in Lifaqane is pronounced as our " d."

[2] *Bantu* has been adopted as the general ethnographical definition of all negroid tribes of South and Central Africa ; grammatically, it is the plural of the Zulu word *Muntu*, meaning a speaking being as opposed to the inarticulate animals.

PEETE'S VILLAGE.

the footmarks of man and beast, all the tribes issued forth from a hole in the ground, equipped with their rites and their ceremonies, their customs and their laws, as they practise them to-day. Other stories speak of man as being born in a reed-bed ; such explanations indeed are often those given by parents to their children when they, like youngsters of other races, ask questions difficult to be answered. And that is all.

Oral tradition is so closely connected with their rites and ceremonies (especially the ceremony of initiation, when the story of the past is said to be recounted to the initiates) that it has acquired a certain mystery of its own. Being couched in archaic Sesuto, few, if any, can clearly understand its meaning. But though the ceremonies themselves are jealously guarded from the intrusion of strangers for fear of the witchcraft they may bring with them, and in order to preserve their mysteries from the eyes of the profane, it has been impossible to prevent those who have been initiated from divulging at least the songs which they learned in their unregenerate days. Yet the language is so unintelligible that each one puts his own interpretation upon it, and the secret, if it can be called a secret, remains incommunicable. For these reasons, and owing to the absence of the written word, the early history of these races is lamentably scanty.

It is, however, well established that the Basuto of to-day are made up from many clans ; the difficulty is to know their seniority and whence they came. But though they think much of this seniority, and always have done, it is a strange fact that throughout their history the younger branch of the family appears always to have forged ahead of its seniors. This will become more evident later.

If we keep to what is fairly clear we can say that the most ancient clans are the Bafokeng and the Barolong. The Bafokeng are present all over the Transvaal, and there are many sub-divisions of them. As for the Barolong, it seems that from them the great majority of tribes have sprung. The first to break away were the Bafurutsi.

From the Bafurutsi have broken away the Bataung, Bakoena, Bapeli, Makholokoe, Batlokoa, Basia, and Bakhatla. From the Bakoena again there have broken away the Bamangoato and the Bangoaketsi ; and from these come the Bahlakoana and the Makhoakhoa, who are really Bakoena.

Turning aside for the time being from the others, we will follow the fortunes of the Bakoena of Basutoland, a small clan who have gained ascendancy.

According to accepted tradition, the Bakoena are the descendants of Napo, the grandson of Koena, who lived at Ntsoanatsatsi.[1] In the first place, the Bakoena were divided into two branches, and it is from the descendants of Tsoloane the junior that Basutoland chiefs come, through his son Monaheng. Among the sons of Monaheng can be distinguished :

(1) Ratlali.
(2) Monyane, father of the ba-Monaheng.
(3) Ntsane, father of the ba-ma-Ntsane.
(4) Motloheloa, father of the ba-ma-Sekake.
(5) Motloang, childless.
(6) Mokoteli, father of the ba-ma-Mokoteli.

This is the tribal system of the Bakoena in Basutoland.

When the Bakoena and Bafokeng left Ntsoanatsatsi they came to live at Mautse [2] and also in what is now known as the Leribe District.

The chief people spoken of in those times were the Bamonaheng, sons of Nkopane, the son of Monyane, and among them was Mohlomi, famous for his wisdom. The people of Sekake, the son of Motloheloa, likewise appear to have stood out from the other small clans.

On the other hand, the sons of Ratlali, Ntsane and Mokoteli were without importance. Motloang, the fifth son, died without children. His widow refused to marry her husband's brother

[1] Near Vrede, Orange Free State.
[2] Near Fouriesburg, Orange Free State.

THE RESULTS OF EROSION.

"A beautiful country, but sadly disfigured and cut up by erosion."

and made for herself a friendship with a Zulu named 'Mualle : by this 'marriage' was born Peete, who was the father of Libe and Mokhachane, the real ancestor of the Basuto chiefs. Mokhachane was the father of Moshesh.

It will be seen how little the claims of heredity weighed with these small clans. The true line appears to have been first broken when Tsoloane took his elder brother under his protection. Again, of the sons of Monaheng, the son of Tsoloane, Ratlali was killed fighting the Makhoakhoa and, while the eldest surviving one seems to have been looked upon as senior for some little time, his descendants lost influence ; the true heir, Ntsane, was never of importance ; the next son, Motloheloa, died young ; the next childless. It was from the widow of this last, by an irregular union with a man of totally different race, that the ancestors of the Basuto chiefs came. Peete, the issue of this union, who must have been innocent of any drop of the family blood, was brought up by Mokoteli, and his descendants were therefore known as Bamokoteli. Once again the true line was broken and Peete's elder son, Libe, who was mean and unpopular, was superseded by his younger brother Mokhachane in the leadership of what was then a very small tribe. It was therefore by his own ability rather than by right of ancestry that Moshesh reached the position he held ; his descendants have held their position through succession rather than by ability, and there must be many among the Basuto who can claim to have bluer blood in their veins.

The term blue blood is rather misleading. Each owner of his small village grew into importance or declined according as his fortunes waxed or waned. And though archæological experts among the Basuto could distinguish the breeding of the different members of the family, leadership fell to the one who could grasp it. This Moshesh saw and determined to make himself important, not by conquest, but by attracting people to him.

By 1800 the country was inhabited by a large number of tribes, including the Bataung, the Basuto and the Baphuti, who then

possessed the larger part of the Orange Free State ; by 1820 there were members of the Bafokeng and the smaller tribes which had broken away from the parent stock ; the Bakoena and their sub-divisions, the Basia, the Batlokoa, the Bakhatla, and the Tembuki, and many other smaller clans, had planted their villages within its borders ; and after 1831, when his army had been defeated at Thaba Bosiu, Moselekatse and most of his followers, preferring to become wanderers in strange lands rather than to suffer certain death on their return to Zululand—it was Chaka's custom to massacre an *impi* that returned home defeated—made for the north, where they acquired the country that became known as Matabeleland ; some few, however, settled in Basutoland and to-day their descendants may frequently be seen, especially in the Leribe District. It will be conceded, therefore, that the present race has a very real claim to a thorough intermixture of blood. How by the most amazing diplomatic skill, by fine generalship, by peaceful penetration, the Chief Moshesh contrived to assimilate all these varying elements into a composite whole is in some part told in the next chapter ; abler hands have dealt with the complicated history of this period in detail[1] ; the object here is rather to give a general outline, from which may be pictured the workings of history.

[1] Those who are interested will find *The History of the Basuto,* by Messrs. Ellenberger and Macgregor, a storehouse of information in this respect.

THE MALUTI MOUNTAINS.
"The not over kindly surface of South Africa."

Chapter 4

Modern Times : Four Great Basuto

IN the confused history of Basutoland there are four figures which stand out clearly against the drab background of cruelty, mediocrity and incompetence : of these, the first was an idealist ; the second, a fighter and organizer ; the third, a woman, the leader of one of the few tribes that withstood the assaults of invasions from outside ; while the fourth, who had an equal influence on his time, set out and founded a nation hundreds of miles away. To all four of them the Leribe District can lay claim.

The first of these was Mohlomi, the grandson of Monaheng. He was born early in the eighteenth century and became Chief of the Bakoena. It is not, however, as a chief, but rather as a great personality that he takes a prominent place in the history of his country ; he had no victories, no conquests of territory, no great power to his record, but, for all that, he was a great man. Primarily a mystic, he delved deep into the causes of things : unusual problems for the primitive mind. " What was the beginning of things ? What is the end ? " he asked. It is not hard to see that such a man would earn the respect of all around him. He was a very successful rain-maker, and seems in all sincerity to have believed in his powers ; yet he was the first to dispute and ultimately to expose the claims of the witch-doctors. Tradition relates how on one occasion he hid a shield and called upon the witch-doctors to denounce the thief and how, when an innocent person was accused, he delivered a harangue to his people, exhorting them against these fraudulent practices. He had a great repute as a doctor who practised with herbs and never " threw the bones,"

i.e. he based his treatment on practice, not on divination. His learning and his skill brought him disputes for settlement, and his judgments were always for peace : " It is better," he said, " to thrash the corn than to sharpen the spear."[1] In days when it was eminently unwise to leave the security of your own tribe, he travelled unharmed through many far-distant countries ; once he penetrated as far as the Kalahari, visiting the Bamahlabaneng in the far north and bringing back strange and terrible tales of cannibalism, of the introduction of which he may have been the innocent cause. He was a fine type. Perhaps the greatest good he did the country was by his exposure of the witch-doctors, but he left behind him the reputation of a lover of peace, which remains to this day ; from him the Basuto got their first leanings towards peaceful living. Almost certainly he popularized polygamy (he is said to have taken from every chief he visited on his travels a daughter to wife), but he did it for the definite purpose of collecting people around him ; and his roving character found no time for the administration of his tribe, which was thus, at his death, left weakened and without cohesion, an easy prey to the Zulu warriors. He died in 1815.

So great was the fame of Mohlomi that men came from far and near to hear his words, and amongst these itinerant pilgrims was the young man who was to weld all the scattered tribes into one strong nation. This was Moshesh, the son of Mokhachane of the Bamokoteli. Mohlomi singled him out from all the others and said : " My son, if thou couldest forsake all, I would take thee with me whithersoever I go ; but it may not be. One day thou wilt rule men ; learn, then, to know them; and, when thou judgest, let thy judgments be just," and when he had blessed him after their manner by brushing the lad's forehead against his own, he detached one of his long ear-rings and fastened it on the ear of Moshesh with the remark, " It is a sign of power."[2] There is

[1] Ellenberger and Macgregor, *History of the Basuto*, p. 93.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 106.

MACHACHA MOUNTAIN
(ABOUT 11,000 FEET).
So named after Chief Machacha, a famous cannibal.

another story relating how Moshesh asked Mohlomi for the medicine whereby to rule people. "There is no medicine," answered Mohlomi, and one day led him to the top of the hill overlooking his village. The time was an early hour in the morning and Moshesh was surprised to see a man emerging from one of the huts of the many wives of his guide ; he did not speak, however, or question him, but waited for the comments of Mohlomi ; and while he waited he observed several others coming from the huts below—some were Bushmen, some were Matabele, some were of tribes despised by everybody, some were those who had been outlawed from other tribes on account of witchcraft. And when he had watched all these he turned in his astonishment, expecting to hear an outburst of angry disgust at this outrage. After a moment Mohlomi spoke : "This is my lesson," he said, with considerable equanimity, "be tolerant. Why ? Because all these people come from different parts and they will go back and say what peace and freedom is to be found under my chieftainship." (As Moshesh said in after days : "A chief's power depends on his people," i.e. the more people a chief can collect the greater a chief he will become.)

Such condescension to a young man was strange, for, although Moshesh was related to Mohlomi, distant relationships did not count for much in those days ; and also, his father was merely the chief of a very small clan ; nor is it as if this was a young man of particular promise, or like the sage, a mystic and a lover of peace. Most certainly he was not. He came by his name, in fact, by the skilful and audacious exploit by which he thieved the cattle of Ramonaheng, an important and powerful chief ; formerly he was called Lepoqo, but in celebration of his daring the following "praises" were sung of him :

Ke 'na Moshoeshoe
Moshoashoaila oa ha Kali,
Lebeola le beotseng Ramonaheng litelu.

(I am Moshesh, the barber of Kali ;
The shaver that shaved the whiskers of Ramonaheng.)

Moshoeshoe[1] is an onomatopœic word to illustrate the scraping of the razor—as it took off Ramonaheng's beard. It is also told how once he killed five men in cold blood. But though he began life as a cattle thief and a murderer, no doubt the words of Mohlomi fired his ambition and gave him a broader outlook on life ; be that as it may, from this time on he exercised restraint and self-control and assiduously cultivated those gifts of intellect that eventually fitted him to treat successfully in diplomacy and rule with a vigour and moderation, seldom indeed to be found amongst leaders of uncivilized tribes, over the nation he created ; from this time on his determination to rule was constant ; and henceforward his romantic history is a long series of acts persuasive and conciliatory, vigorous and daring, by which he drew neighbouring tribes—by no means always inferior to his own in strength —around him ; until at last he was supreme over a united people.

His first stronghold was on Butha-Buthe Mountain, but in 1824 he was driven out by Mantatisi and her Batlokoa, and went south to another mountain, already reconnoitred by his scouts, named Thaba Bosiu, a natural fortress of great strength.

It was during this southerly march that an incident occurred which, with its sequel, makes a story that no sketch of Moshesh, however short, could afford to omit. During the years of the Lifaqane, when a great proportion of the starving people took to cannibalism,[2] it fell out that Peete, the grandfather of Moshesh and the brother of Mohlomi, being a man stricken in years, who could not keep up with the main column, was captured and eaten by the cannibals of Rakotsoane. This unfortunate tragedy naturally interfered with the tribal rule that the graves of ancestors must be purified, and it became a grave complication when the time

[1] Moshesh is the Anglicized form.

[2] Ellenberger and Macgregor, *History of the Basuto*, p. 225, give an estimate of 288,000 victims of cannibalism between the years 1822 and 1828. One may be permitted to doubt whether the total population of the country reached that figure ; in 1875 it was 127,000.

MOPHOLONG, NEAR ROMA.

arrived for the son of Moshesh to be initiated, a thing impossible while his ancestor's grave was in a state of defilement. But Moshesh managed to solve this knotty ceremonial problem with his customary skill. Rakotsoane and his cannibals were summoned to appear at Thaba Bosiu, an order they must have carried out walking like Agag, King of the Amalekites, " delicately," for the followers of Moshesh were anxious that they should be punished for their crime by death. Yet this was not his plan. To kill them, he observed, would be to show disrespect to the grave ; better far to rub the purification offal over them all—to all intents and purposes the tomb of the departed. On the following morning the ceremony was performed, the grateful but bewildered Rakotsoane and his followers were released, and the obstacle in the way of the initiation of the son of Moshesh was effectively removed.

Mokhachane was with his son during this retreat, but it is quite certain that, whatever he may have done before, he did not now have the direction of affairs. We are fortunate enough to have notable descriptions both of father and son, which retain their interest largely because they show in strong relief the vast difference between the two characters :

" He was a dry old man, with a cynical look, and abrupt and brief of speech. Our appearance in the country appeared to interest him very little. After having looked at us a moment, making a shade of his hand in order the better to take in our features, he said to his son, ' Very good ; you have now the direction of affairs ; I have seen your white men ; do with them what you judge best.' He was in truth a singular personage, this Mokhachane, a veritable original. Suspicious and mocking, a thorough egotist, he despised men and did not conceal the fact. . . . He loved like his foster-brother Libe, to compare his subjects to flies, who are only drawn together by the sweet morsel which they find in the plate. At bottom he was more roguish than wicked. A thing unheard of in this country, he abhorred long speeches and circum-

locutions. . . . Either from superstition or from scruple, he had imposed on himself a law never to slay anyone with his own hand. He directed the action, and made all the combinations necessary to prevent the enemy from escaping him, but he left the work of blood entirely to his subordinates. Surrounded by people extremely superstitious, he lent himself to their practices, but not without rendering himself guilty of many profanations. In paying the diviners, for instance, he did not hesitate to tell them that he regarded them as the biggest impostors in the world."[1] . . . "Sugar was, in his opinion, the only good thing we had brought into the country. When we tried to speak a few words to him, he would turn his back on us, taunting us with our youth, and recommending us to send for our fathers to come and instruct him. If at any time he yielded to our entreaties, he would listen with a bantering air, or, just at the most touching part of our appeal, amuse himself by pinching our noses and ears.

"The fame of the wonders performed in our school did not fail to reach the ears of Mokhachane; he laughed at this, as he did at everything else, till Moshesh at length became indignant at so much incredulity; and seizing an opportunity when we were all together, his father also being present, he turned the conversation on the subject of reading. 'Lies! lies!' cried the stubborn old man. 'I will never believe that words can become visible.' 'Ah! do you not yet believe it?' answered his son; 'well, we will prove it to you.' With these words he desired one of our best readers to withdraw. 'Now,' said he, 'think of something, and tell it to this white man; he will draw some marks on the sand, and you will see.' The marks being made, the village scholar was called, and very soon made public the thoughts of his sovereign; the latter, more than stupefied, covered his mouth with his hand, and looked from one to another of those present, as if to assure himself that he had not been transported to an ideal world. At length, after having exhausted all the interjections of his language, he burst forth into a

[1] Casalis, *My Life in Basutoland*, p. 184.

POPA, POPANYANE AND THABA TELLE MOUNTAINS.

torrent of invectives against his subjects and his family, for not having informed him of the miracles which were being performed in his country. 'What!' said he to his son, 'are you not eyes and ears to me? And you conceal such things from me!' In vain Moshesh protested that he had repeatedly told him of these things —the refractory old man was not to be reasoned with."[1]

The description of Moshesh is at the time of his first meeting with M. Casalis :

"Suddenly a personage attired in the most fantastic fashion appeared, a long wand in his hand, growling and snapping like a dog. At his appearance everybody retreated and fell into line, making in this way an immense semi-circle behind a man, seated on a mat. 'There is Moshesh,' said Krotz to me. The chief bent on me a look at once majestic and benevolent. His profile, much more aquiline than that of the generality of his subjects, his well-developed forehead, the fullness and regularity of his features, his eyes a little weary as it seemed, but full of intelligence and softness, made a great impression on me. I felt at once that I had to do with a superior man trained to think, to command others and above all himself.

"He appeared to be about forty-five years of age. The upper part of his body, entirely naked, was perfectly modelled, sufficiently fleshy but without obesity. I admired the graceful lines of the shoulders and the fineness of his hand.[2] He had allowed to fall carelessly round him from his middle a large mantle of panther skins as lissom as the finest cloth and the folds of which covered his knees and feet. For sole ornament he had bound round his forehead a string of glass beads to which was fastened a tuft of feathers which floated behind the neck. He wore on his right

[1] Casalis, *The Basuto*, pp. 82–84.

[2] If this is an accurate description of Moshesh, his portraits sadly malign him. Most travellers agree, however, in claiming for him great dignity and presence.

arm a bracelet of ivory—an emblem of power—and some copper rings on his wrists." [1]

From the moment of the arrival of Moshesh, Thaba Bosiu becomes the centre of activity, and was soon subjected to a series of attacks, none of which was successful. Of these, that of the Amangoane of Chief Matuoane in 1827 and that of the Matabele of Chief Moselekatse in 1831 are still famous among the Basuto. In both of them Moshesh took his place at the head of his warriors and displayed conspicuous bravery. By his victory over Chief Matuoane the Basuto were released from the heavy burden of the tribute he had extracted from them ; of the attack and defeat of Moselekatse there is no better account than that of M. Casalis : [2]

"At a little distance from Thaba Bosiu is a charming little river, winding its way among the willows. On the borders of the stream the hosts of Moselekatse halted, to recover from the fatigues of a march of more than a hundred leagues. From the top of the mountain they might frequently be seen bathing, arranging their military ornaments, sharpening their javelins, and, towards evening, executing their war dances. The Basutos, on their side, did not remain idle. They carefully barricaded the breaches that time had made in their gigantic citadel. The assault was made simultaneously upon two opposite points, and was at first terrific. Nothing seemed able to arrest the rush of the enemy. Accustomed to victory, the Zulus advanced in serried ranks, not appearing to notice the masses of basalt which came rolling down with a tremendous noise from the top of the mountain. But soon there was a general crash—an irresistible avalanche of stones, accompanied by a shower of javelins, sent back the assailants with more rapidity than they had advanced. The chiefs might be seen rallying the fugitives, and, snatching away the plumes with which their heads were decorated, and trampling them under foot in a rage, would lead their

[1] Casalis, *My Life in Basutoland*, p. 177.
[2] Casalis, *The Basutos*, pp. 22–23.

men again towards the formidable rampart. This desperate attempt succeeded no better than the former one. The blow was decisive. The next day the Zulus resumed their march and returned home to their sovereign.[1] At the moment of their departure a Mosuto, driving some fat oxen, stopped before the front rank and gave his message. 'Moshesh salutes you. Supposing that hunger brought you into this country, he sends these cattle that you may eat them on your way home.'"

Such was the Homeric contest from which Moshesh emerged victorious, his prestige higher than ever and surrounding tribes more than ever anxious to shelter in the shadow of his power. He made many important alliances, notably with the great Chaka, the tyrant of the Zulus and son of the terrible Senzagakona, Lethole of the Makhoakhoa, and Mokuoane and Moorosi of the Baphuti ; later on Moorosi was a partner in cattle-raiding expeditions, on a large scale, into Kaffraria. It was during his absence on an expedition that Sekonyela, the son of Mantatisi (who had been asked by Moshesh to supervise his initiation lodge until he came back), treacherously attacked Thaba Bosiu, and though he lost some men and cattle, first contrived to burn the lodge. On his return from Kaffraria with his booty, the angry Moshesh sent this message, together with four head of the captured cattle : "It is a prey that has fallen to my spear, and, though I send it to thee, I marvel greatly that the lodge I left in thy care has been burned. Whence came the fire that burned it ? Moreover, I heard that some of thy people have been killed—how came they to be slain ? I ask these things of thee, Sekonyela."[2]

The next enemy with whom Moshesh found himself confronted, and an enemy rendered all the more dangerous by the possession of guns, was Piet Wet Voet, the leader of the Korunnas and a full-blooded brigand ; in 1830 he found himself worsted by this man in an encounter on Ntlo-e-kholo, and he therefore determined

[1] They did not. Moselekatse and most of his followers struck northwards.

[2] Ellenberger and Macgregor, *History of the Basuto*, p. 194.

to conserve all his energies for a pitched battle, in which he hoped to annihilate him. It was not, however, until 1836 that his opportunity came, but long waiting made his revenge none the less thorough and he drove the Korunna from the country.

But all through this unruly period, Moshesh longed for peace and quiet, so that his people could increase both in wealth and numbers ; how deep this longing was in him is illustrated by the way in which in 1833, overcoming the ancient Mosuto's dislike of innovation, he warmly welcomed the missionaries, of whom he had heard as the messengers of peace ; his welcome, moreover, took the solid form of a grant of land for a mission station at the foot of Thaba Bosiu.

This praiseworthy attitude is rather difficult to reconcile with some of his later actions. From 1838 onwards he became involved with the Boers, and although he suffered much at their hands, he certainly dabbled very considerably in cattle-dealing at their expense. Finally, and after many disputes, General Cathcart, the High Commissioner, decided to make a punitive expedition against him in the hope of exacting a cattle fine he was reluctant to pay. In the course of the action a small party of cavalry apparently mistook a watercourse behind the mission station for the path by which they had ascended the mountain ; when they reached the bottom they were surrounded and killed.[1] Altogether, on the English side, thirty-seven were killed, fifteen wounded and one taken prisoner and subsequently murdered. Naturally these casualties threw the somewhat surprised Basuto into a state of excessive jubilation, which would have betrayed a lesser man into embarking on a long-contested war that would certainly have led to his undoing. It is well to point out that history does not agree with tradition in making a failure of this little expedition ; it was the very reverse,

[1] *Correspondence of Sir George Cathcart*, p. 244. (*Letter of Sir George Cathcart to his brother, Earl Cathcart, 13th January*, 1853.) For the popular story of an ambush, and an immense herd of cattle being exposed to lure the troops on, there is apparently no foundation.

A MATABELE BARBER.

for the British troops took back with them 5,500 head of captured cattle (also a number of horses, sheep and goats), in addition to 3,500 cattle voluntarily surrendered and a herd captured on the following day ; and it was for that, when all is said, that they came. Moreover, General Cathcart accomplished his object in two days.

The night after the skirmish, the crafty Moshesh, with that instinctive statecraft for which he was justly famous, decided it would be wise to rest on the laurels his people had accorded him[1] and at the same time to grasp the opportunity to conciliate the British, and, with that end in view, he sent the following letter :

"Thaba Bosigo,
"*Midnight, 20th December*, 1852.

"Your Excellency,—

"This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you—you have chastised—let it be enough ; and let me no longer be considered an enemy to the Queen. I will try all I can to keep my people in order in the future.

"Your humble servant,
"(*Signed*) Moshesh."

In his reply, General Cathcart told Moshesh that, having taken the fine by force, he was satisfied ; but that he must nevertheless proclaim Martial Law and give authority to the Boer Commandos to enter his country and, with the consent of the Resident, to search for any cattle that were stolen after the date of his letter.

For some months after this interchange of letters the cattle-lifting entirely ceased ; yet it was not long before Moshesh found himself once more alone against the Boers, the British sovereignty

[1] See *Appendix A.*

proclaimed over his country in 1834 having been renounced twenty years later. Cattle raids were resumed on a large scale, and the worst offender was Poshuli, full-brother to Moshesh ; moreover, the great chief himself made no attempt either to stop the raids or to enforce the return of stolen cattle. In 1858 war broke out and ended inconclusively : the mediation of Sir George Grey, the High Commissioner, was secured, and an agreement was patched up ; but Moshesh did all he could to avoid signing it, and it was obvious from the first that he had no intention of adhering to its provisions.

In 1865 and again in 1867 hostilities were renewed, the Basuto being badly worsted. Moshesh employed every conceivable wile to avoid complete defeat, but the old fox was cornered at last ; he saw that a continued conflict would inevitably undo the work of many years ; he saw, moreover, that the Boers had no reason, even if they had the inclination, to treat him with mercy. So with a wise prescience he pleaded incessantly for British protection, and its advent he hailed with great rejoicing : "I have become old," he said, "therefore I am glad that my people should have been allowed to rest and lie under the large folds of the flag of England before I am no more."[1] This did not take place, however, until 1868, when the Burgher Commandos were burning his crops within an hour of Thaba Bosiu[2] ; and it was then that the old chief, in the gladness of his heart, is said to have sent a message of allegiance not likely to be forgotten: "My country is your blanket, O Queen, and my people the lice in it." At last he had brought the nation he had formed out of the scattered remnants of broken tribes to comparative peace and security. Two years later he died, at the age of eighty.

It is a melancholy reflection that in his last days the old chief was almost forgotten and the care of no one, even undergoing at

[1] *Basutoland Recorsd,* vol. iii., p. 843. (*Letter from Moshesh to the High Commissioner, 26th January,* 1868.)

[2] *Ibid.,* vol. iii., p. 872.

QILOANE MOUNTAIN.

times the pangs of hunger. His power was all gone and his opinion was no longer asked upon public affairs, all the authority being vested in Letsie and Molapo and Masupha, his sons.[1] And yet, no sooner was he dead than the Basuto began to regard him with superstitious veneration; from henceforward he was the personification of personal bravery, a mighty warrior.

But it is not only as a brave fighter and a skilled diplomat that Moshesh will be remembered as long as the Basuto are a nation : the idealism of Mohlomi wedded to his own broad common sense ; his serene justice tempered by magnanimous clemency to a fallen foe ; his opposition to robbery and violence *among his own people* ; his dramatic instinct for making the *beau geste* at the appropriate moment ; his horror of cannibalism and the determined efforts he made to wean his people from their unnatural vice ; his sympathetic and genial good-nature to all around him ; his courage in following the example of Mohlomi in publicly exposing witchcraft ; all these attributes endeared him to the people over whom he ruled. Doubtless he was a very capable chameleon, always presenting himself in the colour most likely to appeal to the eye of the man with whom he was treating at the moment ; equally, with every appearance of complete submission, he would industriously elaborate plans for future emergencies; every change in the political atmosphere he carefully meditated upon and he generally turned every opportunity to account ; and he was a master of evasion.[2] Nevertheless, his leanings were always towards peace, and he clearly saw that it was only through peace that his people could thrive. His policy was largely based

[1] Theal, *A Fragment of Basuto History*, p. 169.

[2] " Moshesh, in spite of all my friend Orpen's bolstering up, will never be anything but a great humbug, an old liar and deceiver, without one particle of truth, faith, honesty, or sincerity. Major Warden's words are true : ' you cannot trust Moshesh.' " —*Basutoland Records*, vol. ii., p. 596. (*Extract from letter of John Burnet, Civil Commissioner, Aliwal North, to the High Commissioner, 29th July*, 1861.) Mr. Burnet probably had closer relations with Moshesh than any other official ; he had the conduct of many negotiations with him.

on his own dictum that "Peace is the mother of nations,"[1] while the three conditions which he laid down as the most likely to scatter a people were: witchcraft (because of the mutual suspicion it engendered), liquor selling, and the individual ownership of land with the right of sale; and against all these he set his face.

There is an excellent story illustrative of his sense of fairness and the humour with which it was tinged. Two chiefs, both of whom he was anxious to conciliate, having two bulls that had been fighting and that had inflicted injuries on each other, brought their quarrel before him for settlement. The judgment was: "Neither of you can tell me what your bulls were fighting about or which of them was in the wrong; therefore I can do nothing," and he dismissed the case without espousing the cause of either.

He had faults—and no small ones: though he opposed robbery in his own country, he was an expert cattle-thief out of it; he marred his manly teaching against witchcraft by himself employing it for political ends, and in his old age he was completely under the influence of heathen priests, of whom there were half a dozen at Thaba Bosiu alone[2]; in all his dealings there was always the shuffling element, and much dishonesty[3]; and in constantly raiding the Boers he committed a blunder in policy which would undoubtedly have brought him to ruin and disgrace had it not been for British intervention. But, when all has been said, he remains

[1] *Basutoland Records*, vol. iii., p. 99. (*Letter of M. Casalis to M. Rolland, 14th Feb.*, 1848.)

[2] *Ibid*, vol. iii., p. 568. It is remarkable that Moshesh, for all his patronage of missionaries, never became converted to their faith.

[3] *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 568. (*Extracts from letters of the Rev. Mr. Daniel to the Civil Commissioner, Aliwal North, and of the Civil Commissioner, Aliwal North, to the High Commissioner*):

"Bensonvale, *14th October*, 1865.

"Has the old man of the mountain paid out the 10,000 head of cattle? I don't believe he ever will. I remember that while General Cathcart was on his way to Thaba Bosigo, Moshesh sent to inform Sikonyela of the course he intended to pursue, and remarked: 'The Governor threatens, but I am too old to be frightened by threats. *Words* never killed a man. I will push matters to the extreme, and if I find it don't

SENQUNYANE RIVER.
"Especially in the winter is the country bare and stark . . ."

a great chief who founded a strong nation ; to-day he stands out as a great example ; an example, however, that is in no great danger of being followed. His memory is preserved by a national holiday on the 12th of March, and he lies buried near the shifting sands of Thaba Bosiu.

When Moshesh was beleaguered at Butha Buthe and had finally to take advantage of a diversion to effect a retreat southwards, the leader of the besieging army was one Mantatisi, a daughter of the Basia, and the widow of Chief Mokotjo of the Batlokoa. On the death of her husband in 1813, the heir being yet a minor, Mantatisi courageously and without hesitation took up the regency and started on what surely must have been the most adventurous career even of the wild times in which she lived. To those who know the Bantu races, the idea of the accession to power of a woman is sufficiently strange, yet Mantatisi was not only a woman, but a woman of an alien tribe, and, as if that were not enough, the people over whom she ruled so successfully were reputed to be the most ferocious and turbulent south of the Zambesi. By one means or another—and here is a much regretted *hiatus* in our knowledge of her history—she established her power, held it against intrigue and attack and eventually extended her suzerainty over many other tribes. The protagonists of the theory that the accession of woman to power will exercise a humanizing influence and foster peace and goodwill among mankind, would not find much to support their view in the story of Mantatisi ; indeed, her policy seems always to have been : Hit first ! Hit hard ! !

answer I can easily mediate on the threshold. The British Government is a merciful Government.' I expect he will now pursue the same policy.

"(*Signed*) J. Daniel."

"Aliwal North, 16*th October*, 1865.

"The reminiscence of 1852 in a note from Mr. Daniel is Moshesh out and out as we knew him, a man who never told the truth in his life, unless either by mistake or to serve some purpose of his own. Such was our Sovereignty experience of him.

"(*Signed*) John Burnet."

Keep on hitting ! ! ! Furthermore, she did not only fight, but she consistently won victories, and when the list of those whom she defeated is set out and is found to include Moshesh (once at the "Ntoa-ea-Lipitsana," or "*The Battle of the Pots*," and on a second occasion when he was obliged to quit Butha Buthe for Thaba Bosiu), Sebotoane, and, with her now full-grown son Sekonyela, the terrible warriors Pakalita and Matuoane of the Amangoane, it will readily be conceded that it is not with any stretch of imagination that she is described as one of the foremost organizers of war Basutoland has known. No credit must be given to any but her for the skilful leadership of the Batlokoa during this unruly period ; though she did not actually lead her warriors into battle, the strategy and the tactics were hers.

But when at length her wars did bring her peace, when, after many wanderings and hardships, the Batlokoa decided to settle on Koeneng and Joalaboholo, she exclaimed, on beholding these strongholds, "Now, at last, have I found a place where I and my people may dwell in safety."[1] Here this wonderful queen passed the remainder of her days, not surviving long enough to see her son Sekonyela finally ousted from his strong position by her old enemy Moshesh, in November, 1853.

The real importance of Mantatisi in the history of Basutoland, however, lies in the fact that she and her followers acted as a buffer, holding off the invading tribes whilst the young Basuto nation was growing in strength and cohesion.

It was not far from these strongholds that Sebotoane, the son of Chief Mongoane and Maselloane, a relative of Mohlomi, had lived until, in 1822, his clan had been broken up by the inroads of Mantatisi and others. But, nothing daunted by misfortune, he collected the poor remnants of his people and set out on his odyssey to find a new country. Before he got clear he was again attacked by Mantatisi, but he nevertheless managed to escape

[1] Ellenberger and Macgregor, *History of the Basuto*, p. 150.

complete defeat and even took with him some female prisoners, one of whom afterwards became his favourite wife. Henceforth he pursued the course of a conqueror, never hesitating until he came to the land he sought : the Barolong, the Bamangoaketsi, of great war-like reputation, the Bahurutse, the Bakhatla at the junction of the Limpopo and Api Rivers, another and quite different tribe of Batlokoa, the Bamangoato near Serowe, the Bataoane on the shores of Lake 'Ngami, the Batonga, an island-dwelling people on the Zambesi River, fell to his skill and generalship. Only against Moselekatse (also a wanderer in strange lands) did he fail to achieve a decisive victory ; it was Moselekatse, in fact, who brought him to think it wiser to turn westward towards the land of the Barotse. Here he had an enemy of proved reputation and he wisely refrained from attacking them on their own ground, saying to his warriors, " Behold, these be river people, and accustomed to the waters. Now, therefore, let us flee before them, so that we may draw them from their river."[1] The ruse succeeded and Sebotoane, for the first time, entered Barotseland. In this country—the " new " country so long sought for—after many more victories, including more than one against the Matabele, he became master ; from this point he rapidly extended his power along the Zambesi and ruled his tribe and those upon whom he had forced his suzerainty, wisely and well.

The travels of Sebotoane and his military exploits have not much direct bearing on the history of Basutoland ; indeed, they form an interesting contrast to the life of the great Moshesh. But they have a direct bearing on the history of the time ; they illustrate the great migrations (the outcome of the devastating wars of Chaka) which were going on all over Southern Africa ; they illustrate no less that on personal leadership, and on personal leadership alone, the success of these migrations depended. They were undertaken at a time when many tribes were forming and even, in the stress of common danger, uniting together under the

[1] Ellenberger and Macgregor, *History of the Basuto*, p. 313.

leadership of the man who could best hold them together, a difficult task in those days of mutual suspicion and never-ending conspiracy; at this time certainly three great races laid the foundations of their power : the Matabele, the Basuto and the Barotse.

One other point is noteworthy ; the superior language of the Basuto completely absorbed the less plastic tongue of those they conquered.

By sketching briefly these four characters, an attempt has been made to show the course of history from the time of the settlement of the Bantu tribes in Basutoland down to the death of Moshesh and to familiarize the reader with something of the customs and characteristics of the people as seen through the thoughts and actions of the finest types the country has produced ; and, although this method is open to the fair criticism that, while the good has been treated, little has been said of the savagery and violence, cruelty and vice, yet the turmoil of those times was so great, the fights and counter-fights so innumerable, the movements of tribes hither and thither so frequent and involved, that no other is possible within the limits of any but a very large book. Nevertheless, if the reader keeps relative values clearly before him, he will yet be able to form some estimate of the conditions of the times.

During the years that followed the death of Moshesh, which left the Basuto a united and strong people, history, except for the desultory wars of 1879 and 1880–2, has run a more even course. The succeeding paramount chiefs have been Letsie I, Lerotholi, Letsie II, and Griffith. In 1905 a National Council was formed in which the principal chiefs hold a session every year to discuss laws and grievances, principally grievances.

But in spite of all the changes that time inevitably brings, in spite of the Europeanized Government stations that have been placed along her border, Basutoland is still to-day—very little less than in the peaceful days before the Lifaqane—a patriarchal society. Before attempting, however, to describe the country as it is and

GATHERING THE MEALIES.

HOEING.

its society, it is well to point out the marked features which distinguish it from the earlier type as exemplified by the Bushmen ; these are : the institution of permanent marriage, the tracing of descent through the male, paternal authority, religion, the domestication of animals, property, the cultivation of the fields, and law. And from the length of the list it is not difficult to imagine how great a gulf lay between the patriarchal society of the Bantu and the society of the savage Bushmen.

Of these distinctions, the first two are closely linked up. The savage, it is said, had no idea of any connection between child-birth and his relations with the other sex, and, since under his *multiple* system no one could trace who was his father, it was impossible to trace descent through him. The third distinction was a development of the first two, whence families within the tribe came to be presided over and controlled by the supreme authority of the head of the family ; and from that to religion was but a short step, for it soon became the custom to reverence deeply and then actually to worship the first reputed, but not necessarily reputable, ancestor.

The domestication of animals is supposed to have come about by a surplus of captured game being kept (when the greedy savage could eat no more), and some among their species were found to be more or less amenable to authority, or, much more probably, by the capture of young animals for children to keep as pets ; either way, it is sad to contemplate the extreme possibility of the man who discovered that cows could be milked, and drank the milk, being punished by death for breaking the *taboo*.

The next step was property, for, as soon as the keeping of game in captivity was found to be profitable, it became the custom for the captor to regard what fell to him in the chase as his own ; and the woman who afterwards looked after his animals became his wife and a part of his property.

The origin of the cultivation of the fields is a subject of surmise equally attractive, the generally accepted theory being that it was accidental. It is indeed possible that it was through the use of seeds

as a food that the great discovery was made. The Australian savage in the Cooper's Creek Country, for example, has no knowledge of agriculture, but he collects the seeds of the *nardoo* plant, and, after pounding them between two stones, makes them into rude cakes. It is surely not a stretch of imagination to suppose that one spring somebody discovered that a few seeds that had fallen to the ground while they were being thus clumsily crushed had actually begun to sprout, and, later on, to look something like the plant from which they had originally been picked ; or, perhaps, a quantity of seeds had been buried against a scarcity, and the strange fact made still more clear. It would take some time for the meaning of the discovery to penetrate the groping mind of the savage, but the idea once born would, by degrees, be applied to other seeds and roots which were among the early foods of mankind. Progress from that stage to the most primitive form of agriculture was probably very gradual, and it is established that the adoption of agriculture only came about when the increase of population and the growing scarcity of game made people go hungry, and then it was only carried on in an extremely primitive and haphazard fashion. It was a much later development than the tending of sheep and cattle ; it was unpopular ; it meant hard work.

Finally, there is law. In the savage stage law was habit, in the patriarchal stage it has become sanctified by common and frequent use into something more than that, and has been formed into a primitive code, at any rate known and taught by the tribal elders.

But whatever truth there may be in these speculations, it is true that these distinguishing features came into being within fairly short intervals of each other and that their coming changed society from a savage pack to a condition which, for purposes of convenience, has been labelled patriarchal society. The Bushmen did not in any way adapt themselves to these changes and have ceased to exist.

Here it is well to point out that it has been the habit of many writers to treat patriarchal society as if it were a Ford car turned

THRESHING.

COOKING IN THE LANDS.

out by standard (just as people speak of the Zulu and the Basuto and the Bechuana as "natives"), whereas, in fact, each tribe has clearly marked characteristics which make it a type of itself, even though it may follow certain general rules.

It will, therefore, be seen that with the coming of the Bantu a change came over the territory we now know by the name of Basutoland ; from henceforth the dwellers in the land were no longer savages, but members of a society who were capable of extracting the wealth of the earth by tilling the soil and of utilising their cattle for food and mutual profit.

HOUSEHOLD REPAIRS.

Chapter 5 The People

THE Bantu races of South Africa may be divided into two groups :

(1) The group living on the high veldt and stretching westward to the Kalahari, and

(2) The group living on the lower veldt towards the east and south-east coast, but spreading to the higher veldt and mingling with the first group in many places.

The former group includes the Bechuana, Barolong and Basuto, and for brevity we may call it the Bechuana type. The latter group includes the Matabele, Xosa, Fingo and Zulu, and may here be called the Zulu type, for though the Zulu are not the most numerous, they are so well known that the name will serve as a label, since in this division only the broadest common-sense distinctions are made, and many important but confusing exceptions are left out of the reckoning.

The former speak languages akin to Sechuana : the latter speak languages akin to the Zulu.

The members of the Zulu group are more stoutly built, have larger eyes set well apart and broader faces with rounder chins, and are altogether better specimens physically than the Bechuana type. The Bechuana type show considerable traces of the infusion of Bushman blood, and appear to have acquired certain characteristics of the Bushman, such as quickness, vivacity and good humour; they have also adopted the Bushman customs of the initiation, which still play an important part in their lives. On the other hand, though some races of the Zulu type still practise initiation, it is not with such a wealth of attendant circumstances, and, where the practice has been given up, everything connected with it has entirely disappeared ; whereas among the Bechuana, even where

initiation has been officially abandoned, many of the practices connected with it are as prevalent as before.

Partly as the result of initiation and its secret rites, the Bechuana type shows a greater desire to cover the body than is evinced by the Zulu type. The Zulu looks upon dress as ornament more than as covering, and is satisfied with bead necklaces and girdles, unless the proximity of Europeans compels him to adopt something more ample ; whereas nakedness is repugnant to the Mochuana type whether he happens to live among Europeans or not.

The Zulu type gives great freedom to unmarried girls, but the married woman is usually jealously guarded by her husband. The Bechuana girl is carefully looked after *until* her marriage, after which time it is not at all unusual for her husband to lend her to a friend or to wink at her choosing a lover for herself so long as the one chosen is a friend of his and not likely to bewitch him.

The Zulu type has on the whole more faith in his own institutions and, except when closely surrounded by Europeans, has little desire to imitate them in their way of dress and living. It may be an unwarranted assumption, and yet it seems to fit in with facts, that the Bechuana type form a closer association with the Bushman, has acquired some of his imitativeness (the Bushman with his other qualities possessed the power of mimicry to a high degree), and is almost too willing to adopt European customs, the meaning of which he only imperfectly understands.

All that has been said of the Bechuana type applies to the Basuto, and it is true that many Basuto are adopting European habits and clothing.

How far apart are the two types may still be seen in Basutoland to-day ; here there are Matabele, dwelling within a stone's throw of a Basuto village, who maintain an entirely different standard of living, even down to the details of the dressing of the hair and the bracelets on their wrists and ankles. And this after nearly a century of contact with an alien race.

Largely as the result of the peculiar position of Basutoland—

partly isolated and partly central—the life of the inhabitants presents two different aspects ; on the one hand, there is the man whose world is his country and who can see little to like or admire in customs other than those of his ancestors, and whose only wish is to be left alone ; and, on the other hand, the man who has been brought into contact with Europeans and imitates and perhaps likes their ways. It would be entirely wrong, however, to imagine that there is any clear-cut distinction between these two classes. The most conservative have insensibly departed from the customs of their ancestors and the most advanced prefer their native laws to the mysterious laws under which the European is content to live. It is with the former class, which includes the vast majority of the Basuto, that this book deals. Though they wear blankets instead of skins and live in substantial huts instead of huts that resembled nothing so much as exaggerated beehives, as did their ancestors, they show no wish to imitate the town-bred natives, for whom they have in their hearts the most profound contempt, calling them in derision : *Baroa* or Bushmen, i.e. men without chief or tribe.

The majority of the Basuto, then, follow their forefathers in customs and manners and ideals, and live in small villages under their headman or chief. The villages remain small, though there are exceptions (notably Matheadira's village, opposite Peka Mountain, built almost in the Zulu fashion) ; in fact, every young man seems driven by impulse to break away and to form a small village on his own, probably at the time of his marriage or as soon afterwards as his circumstances will permit ; it is at first merely a straggling collection of huts perched perhaps on the shoulder of some hill, but as time goes on the huts begin to show signs of the owner's pride in his possessions and his increasing prosperity, aloes are planted round to serve as a wall, a neater *kraal* is built, and then, as soon as it seems about to attain considerable proportions, more desertions take place. And so on. This way of living has naturally developed the spirit of independence in the Basuto.

In the early days there was room for all ; as time went on, however, the people became more numerous and so, consequently, did land disputes ; hence the chiefs found it necessary to have their spheres of influence defined. Soon, indeed, land came to be regarded as the property of the chief,[1] and the occupiers as his tenants. From this point the powers and privileges of the chief rapidly increased : he had the right to summon his people to a *pitso*, or meeting, to discuss affairs of state ; to call upon them to labour in his fields at the time of ploughing, weeding and reaping ; to exact a tax in kind (*sethabathaba*) to enable him to pay a fine or to meet some other emergency. (In recent years it has been found that the practice of fining a chief for a political misdemeanour generally results in the delinquent making a large profit by means of the *sethabathaba*.) All stray cattle, whose owners do not lay claim to them, belonged to the chief's *kraal* ; and over all reed-beds and thatching-grass he had proprietary rights. Finally, it was the duty of all to report any offences against the tribal law to him. And all these powers and privileges he maintains at the present day. There is little check, and abuse is rife.

In every village there is a little sheltered enclosure, generally provided with a hut, where the headman and elder men of the village sit in conclave. This is called the *lekhotla*, and though it may only consist of a rough hedge and a few stones to sit on, it does duty for town-hall, law-court, police station and general bureau of information. Only women, except when witnesses or parties to a case, are excluded. In small villages it is generally unoccupied, but, if a stranger should arrive, it is the place to which he should go, when someone will come to him, in his leisurely fashion ask him his business, and present him to the headman, who will be more or less responsible for him. Mokhachane considered it the duty of his sons to frequent the *lekhotla* and look to the comfort of wayfarers, so that they could steal experience from the talk of the old men who love to sit by the glow of the fire

[1] In reality the chief is trustee, but it comes to much the same thing.

POUNDING WHEAT.

PREPARING THE FAMILY MEAL.

and tell again the tales of bygone days, when young braves would attack the lion with the *assegai* ; when the bushmen and wild game alone possessed the mountains ; and when their ancestors were making their way southwards from Central Africa. History and tradition and folk-lore and politics, each in their turn were debated. It was well worth while to maintain the cheerful blaze.

On occasions when some little trouble has occurred in the village, a civil dispute or a fight, the men gather in the *lekhotla* and both sides of the matter at issue are heard. Anyone can ask questions and there is no unseemly hurry ; if a speaker hesitates for a word, it is both customary and polite to supply it, not only to spare him the trouble of searching his mind, but also to show that keen attention is being paid to what he is saying. The speaker wanders painfully from the point. But it does not matter. There is plenty of time to come back to it later, and the Mosuto dislikes nothing more than to be denied or even begrudged his say. Then the smaller fry among the men of the *lekhotla* give their opinion, the more important people next, and finally the headman gives his decision, which is generally the summing up of the views of the majority. In theory, he can give any decision he likes, but in practice, the case has been talked over so long and by so many that the final verdict is really the general opinion of all present.

The one judged to be in the wrong should then stand up and thank the court for its judgment. This sounds rather like " rubbing it in," but it is in effect an acknowledgment by the guilty party that in the face of the united opinion of his neighbours he gives in and that the judgment is one of mutual agreement. If he feels that the judgment is wrong he can appeal to the *lekhotla* of his headman's chief ; and sometimes the *lekhotla* will see that there is no likelihood of a satisfactory settlement and the headman will say that the affair is too difficult for him and that the case must go to a higher *lekhotla*. If possible, however, he tries to settle it himself, for if the case goes from his court he loses part of the fine, which otherwise he would share. The fine generally consists of stock,

part of which goes to increase the headman's flocks and herds, part to the sustenance and refreshment of the men of the *lekhotla*, and part to the injured but successful party.

As will be gathered, this primitive method of maintaining law and order is extremely economical and requires the very minimum of administration. Every man is his own policeman and anyone witnessing a breach of the peace is guilty if he does not take steps to prevent it. Every man is in a sense a juryman and advocate, and decisions are more or less given in accordance with public opinion. When, however, the social conditions become more complex, new offences are created and new laws are made, e.g. the laws about liquor and burrweed. The *lekhotla* of to-day wanders between law and public opinion, and its verdicts are frequently actuated by the desire to partake of fines rather than to fulfil the ends of justice.

HOUSEHOLD REPAIRS.

Chapter 6 Their Life

THE Mosuto is a crofter, not a landowner. He is obliged to render certain services to the head of his tribe or clan, in return for which he is allowed to occupy a certain amount of land. Land is not property ; it is considered to belong to the community for which the chief is trustee. (It may be added, the chief generally makes quite a good thing out of his stewardship.) The individual may fence a portion, but this is looked upon as an encroachment on the rights of others ; and he must have powerful backing indeed, if he so wantonly thrusts his private interests in the face of the general good. Therefore few enclosures are to be seen ; each claims his temporary right of ploughing, and all the land which is suitable is covered with irregularly shaped and unfenced *masimo*, or fields, the limits of which are accurately known and jealously guarded by the crofter.

Large crops of mealies, kaffir corn and wheat are grown. Ploughing is the men's work, but occasionally one sees women or girls leading the oxen. After the ploughing comes the long and laborious process of weeding ; this is essentially women's work, though in times of stress the head of the family will put his pride in his pocket and take his place in the field alongside his wife and daughters. Sometimes, too, if he has the wherewithal, he brews a large quantity of beer and invites his friends and neighbours to a *letsema*,[1] rather quaintly translated into English by native interpreters as " garden party." The *letsema*, however, has no resemblance to the garden party of civilization. The guests assemble at the appointed hour and, anticipating the coming happiness, set to work on their host's fields with hearty good will, and, after several pauses for refreshment, the work, or fun, goes on more

[1] A chief's *letsema* is obligatory.

merrily than before to the accompaniment of continual singing and interspersed with occasional step-dances. In the evening the tired, often too happy, party disperses and the host has the satisfaction of knowing that his guests have finished in a day work which would have occupied his family for a fortnight.

To one who can provide it a *letsema* helps to get through the most toilsome work of the year, taking place as it does at the hottest season. Every one takes his food for the day when working in the lands, and often the smallest of mortals imaginable will be employed in the making of it, while their elders work.

When the kaffir-corn is ripening all spare hands are required to scare away the birds, and to this end a rough platform is generally put up, upon which the watcher stands from sun-rise to sun-set ; he provides himself with a long pliant stick and some pot-clay, which he makes into small lumps and slings from the end of his stick at the thieving birds.

This is the period of the greatest anxiety, from December to February, rain being the constant prayer of all Basuto ; in fact, you may pass along a road and be hailed by all you meet with the unusual greeting : " Pula ! Pula ! " (*Rain ! Rain !*). In reality, it probably means that a court matter has just been settled, but it illustrates how important rain is to them. If there is not enough rain there succeeds a period during which there is something very near general starvation, when cattle and human beings die and numbers of families are forced to migrate in order to find food.

The harvest is a leisurely affair, as the crops are not damaged by standing. The work is left almost entirely to the women. Day after day they go down to their mealie fields and bring back on their heads the ripe grain in baskets, the capacity of which is a lasting surprise. In this way hundreds of tons of grain are laboriously conveyed home and finally to the trading store.

There is in all countries a certain joy in the labour of harvesting

ANGORA GOATS.

and this is especially so in Basutoland, where harvest takes place at the pleasantest season of the year. Want of appetite is not a common complaint and he would indeed be a pessimist, who, with plenty to eat and with the sight of plenty all around, did not feel his heart rejoice within him.

Though the Basuto grow a fair amount of wheat, they do not eat very much of it. It is not only hard to grind but also tiresome to cook. One method of grinding is to find a hole in the solid rock, to place the wheat in it, and then to pound away with a good-sized stone until it is entirely crushed.

But large as the harvests are, they are not large enough to supply the growing needs of the Basuto, and nearly every able-bodied young man at some time or other leaves his home to earn money at the gold fields.[1] Sometimes he sends home money ; sometimes he does not ; but if he has ploughed a piece of ground before leaving, all is well. His wife is self-reliant, and will see that, when her man returns home, a well-stocked granary awaits him.

The huts in which the Basuto live are generally substantial, many built of stone. They have no idea of what we call a house : indeed, they do not want a house ; it appears to them stupid to live inside when it is fine, and most of their daily business is contracted outside ; even the women perform most of their cooking in the circular court which adjoins the hut. The wife is responsible for the house-keeping in all its branches : she is her own plumber, painter and house-decorator. In the illustration she is engaged in giving the outside walls a coat of plaster while her baby is experimenting with the contents of the plaster tray. The inside walls are carefully plastered too, and are often decorated with ingenious designs executed with some skill ; the floor is worked into a hard dry surface, so that rubbish may be easily swept out and the interior

[1] In 1911, 84,600 passes were granted ; average period away four months. In 1920 the total labour passes numbered 58,000, but of these probably some 20,000 were for agricultural labour in the Orange Free State.

kept tidy. The roof is low, but there is room enough for all the household treasures : a few ornamental calabashes, a snuff-box or two, the bead necklaces and bangles of the girls, and, hanging on a wooden peg driven into the wall, is the cone-shaped grass hat, without which the owner of the hut is never seen abroad when the days are more than usually hot. In one corner is the enormous pot for the beer ; another pot holds the milk, slowly getting more and more sour until it has reached a degree of excellence only appreciated by the true epicure ; in a third is perhaps the *mafi*, a kind of curds, and a real delicacy ; and stowed away in the corner is the butter or fat that young girls delight to rub on their faces and legs to give them a glossy appearance. Perhaps there is a knobkerri, a spear or two, and that is all. The family sleep on the floor, covered with skins or blankets. There are no windows and at night the door is tightly closed. Even by day, to the European, the atmosphere of the inside of the hut is very murky, and the pungent fumes from the fire wellnigh suffocate. For owing to the scarcity of fuel it is the custom to use dried *kraal* manure as a substitute, and this is called *lisu*.[1]

Outside the hut there is an open space enclosed by a semi-circular screen of reeds ; this is the *lelapa*, a sort of drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen combined, and the careful housewife takes great pride in keeping her *lelapa* swept and garnished. For some reason or other the wind never whirls round inside as it does inside a walled enclosure and, on a winter day, when the coldest wind is blowing, it is warm and sheltered and sunny. When there is a birth in the family the event is made public by the pretty custom of raising one of the tall reeds in the *lelapa* high above its fellows for all to see and envy the good fortune of the parents. Maybe there is some connection between this custom and the legend that the birth of mankind was in a reed bed.

On pleasant days the men sit outside the *lelapa* smoking their pipes and sampling the family brew of beer, which is almost as

[1] Pronounced *dēsu*.

much a food as a drink and requires a very strong constitution to assimilate it.

The principal occupations are agriculture, horse-breeding and stock-farming. The Basuto pony is too well known to need anything more than a passing mention here. He is a fine little beast, standing on an average 13-2 hands, and will carry his rider in safety along the most precipitous paths in the rugged mountains amongst which he has been bred. He is very sturdy and will stand all weathers with comparative equanimity. He is not a "native," however; he was brought into the country when Moshesh was already at the height of his power, and the story is told of Moshesh learning to ride by sitting astride and supporting himself with the help of two poles, one at each side. Elsewhere it is related how "in 1840, a butcher in Grahamstown named Cawood imported from Scotland a number of Shetland ponies. These were lost about that time, and found their way into Basutoland, from whence comes the short, stout Basuto cob."[1] Others say they were introduced by the Griquas, but nothing definite is known of their origin.

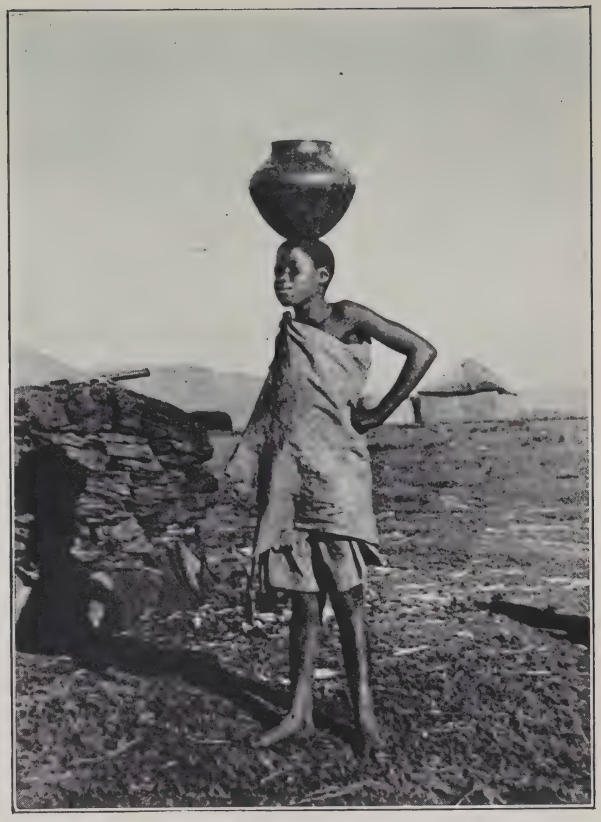
The cattle are distinctly poor, though a fair trade is done in hides. The sheep and goats live on the sides of the mountains in the interior and are able to exist where there is practically no vegetation; they provide the two most important articles of export, wool and mohair.

The country has the appearance of being much overstocked. No Mosuto is willing to put his money into that mysterious contraption of the white man, the Savings Bank, if he can put it into horses or cattle—something he can see. The customs of his country do not allow him to own land, hence it is an immense pleasure to him to have his herds driven past him on their way to the *kraal* of an evening and to watch their numbers grow, happy in the thought that they are all his and his alone. Unhappily the

[1] Mrs. Barkly, *Among Boers and Basutos*, p. 61. (Mrs. Barkly was the wife of the Resident Magistrate at Mafeteng during the Gun War of 1880–1882.)

resultant overstocking is gravely harmful to the future of the country, and in times of cattle disease or drought the man whose all consists of his cattle is often rendered a pauper ; in addition, overstocking is to blame for much of the soil erosion.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS.



COMING FROM THE SPRING.

Chapter 7 The Family Circle

THE family, or even that extension of it, the village, is the unit of society. But it is no society of *levellers*. Each has his proper position, according to his birth, and the smallest toddler knows whether the correct salutation should be "grandfather," "paternal uncle" or "elder brother," and so on. There is no such expression as our vague "Good morning." It is "Good morning, child of my elder brother," or "Good morning, daughter of my elder sister." You meet a man on the road ; he may simply say, "Lumela, Morena"[1] (*Good morning, Chief*), and to this the reply is a drawn-out "Eh!"[2] or, if you are a stranger, "Lumela, ngoan 'a molimo" (*Good morning, son of God*) ; to a member of his own race he may say, "Good morning, son of a Chief," or "Good morning, my child." There are shades of ceremonious greeting to suit every occasion : on the breaking up of meetings of chiefs or after an event of national importance : "Pula!" (*Rain!*) and "Khotso!" (*Peace!*) are often shouted to the passer-by, and then there are the more elaborate greetings of a peasant to his chief : "These oxen and their calves," i.e. "What about those oxen and their calves you were going to give me?" In English we have no such charming variety ; indeed, if a passer-by were to greet Mr. Chesterton with "Good morning, O very large man!" it would probably be a matter for something more than surprise.

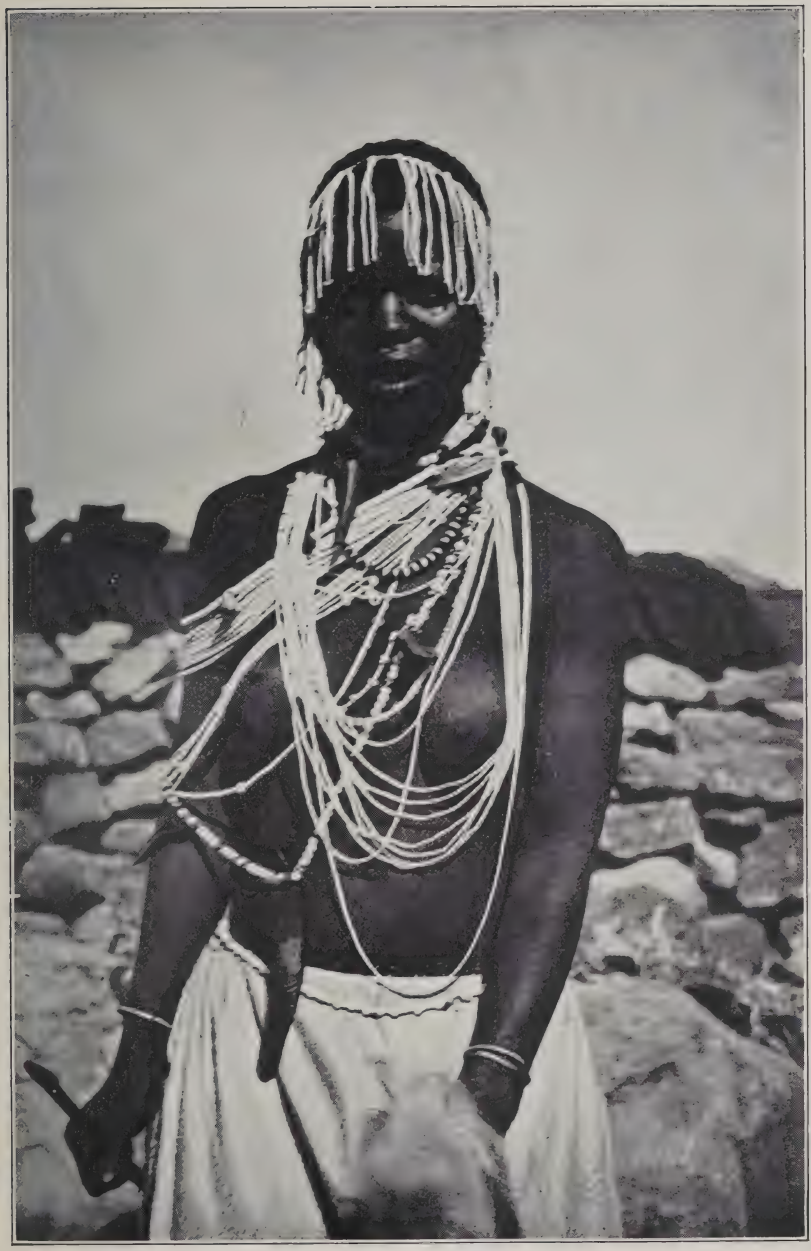
[1] "The origin of this word is very beautiful ; it is formed of the verb rena : *to be prosperous, to be tranquil.* Morena, therefore, He who watches over the public safety and welfare."—Casilis, *The Basutos*, p. 214.

[2] M. Jacottet, in his *Treasury of Basuto Lore*, p. 33, points out that the literal meaning of "lumela!" is "Rejoice!" and of "Eh!" is "Yes" (i.e. "Yes, I do rejoice").

The ordinary greetings of politeness being satisfied, however, etiquette does not weigh heavily, and even the common man will, on occasion, speak his mind to his chief with astonishing frankness. This is especially so at the first meeting at which a young chief is presented to the people on taking up his responsibilities.

Age is deeply respected, and the elder has always the right to order the younger about. If there is a junior anywhere near, the senior never thinks of getting up to fetch anything for himself. It is, " Kopano, bring me my pipe. You will find it on the ledge behind the door." If Kopano is too small to reach, the elder simply varies the order : " Call Matseliso, and tell her to fetch my pipe." The first and last and deadliest offence of a youngster is to refuse to be sent to fetch things for a senior. Formerly, a disobedient boy was taken to the Court of the Chief and thrashed in the presence of his comrades till his father thought " he had had enough " ; a disobedient girl was left to the probably less tender mercies of the married women, who pinched, beat and sometimes bit her. Nor was this all : offences of disobedience were carefully remembered until the time of initiation, when all former misdeeds are set out in detail ; the initiate has to repeat them all, acts of disobedience, curses, rudeness and so on, the while he is being beaten by the hand and with sticks, and his flesh pierced with thorns and sharp-pointed instruments of torture. It is, therefore, rare that a child is disobedient. The old Mosuto enjoys his *otium cum dignitate*.

Nevertheless, the children appear to live a life of eternal happiness but for the errands continually imposed on them by their elders. The boys, even to the very smallest of them, go out with the cattle to herd them, but the task is entirely to their liking, and many a herd-boy will risk a flogging for the pleasure of seeing his herd grazing knee-deep in forbidden pastures. Overnight the herd-boys bring the cattle into a rough stone enclosure called the *kraal*. About an hour or two after sunrise they are let out, and the calves are allowed to suck. After the calves have set things



A WITCH-DOCTRESS.

going, a small quantity is taken from each cow and the calves are then allowed to finish the remainder. (It is a curious fact that after the death of a calf the mother refuses to give milk unless a substitute is brought to stand near by. Many natives fear that they will be struck by lightning if they milk the cow, and the few who are willing always insist that the skin of the dead calf is placed before the mother.) The pay of a herd-boy is reckoned at a sheep (the equivalent of 15*s.*) per month, and it is generally the sheep-skin that forms his only article of attire, transforming him into an elf-like and nimble-footed gnome of the mountains. Among themselves these herd-boys exercise a strong discipline ; one among them is appointed " chief," and he exacts the most rigid obedience from his followers—until a stronger than he appears. Other boys will mind the sheep or the goats ; little girls see to the cooking of the food in the lands at an amazingly early age, and return in the evening balancing immense pumpkins by some inexplicable means on their small heads to be cooked for the family supper, but the work that most delights their hearts is to grind the meal, which, like the carrying of water, is a daily task. The method employed is to push a roller-shaped stone over a large one with a turning movement imparted to it by slightly dropping the wrists. It is fairly hard work and requires some knack, but the tiniest of girls are very proud of being able to help their mothers in this way, and are often to be seen practising on small scale mills of their own construction. Others look to the fowls, collect fuel, and do the small odd jobs about the house.

The drawing of water from the spring or the stream that runs an arduous course through the valley below the village falls to the lot of the young girls, who, when the household needs are great, are often accompanied by their mothers. As a rule two or three make the journey together for the sake of company. It is frequently necessary to wait one's turn at the water, and the spring or stream, like the old parish pump, is the great place for discussing the gossip of the village.

The streams frequently pass over beds of white sandstone,

which the passing water smooths and polishes, till some of the hollows look as smooth and white as a porcelain bath. Where these stones project, advantage is taken of them for washing purposes. The unfortunate clothes are soaped and then rubbed unmercifully against the sandstone. Those who wish to be fashionable use these sandstone projections for polishing the soles of their feet, which become rough and horny and are liable to crack. When the operation is over the soles are almost white, and give the owner quite a smart appearance.

During the heat of summer the very small boys spend hours wallowing in the pools; but, by preference, they choose the muddy ones, where they can plaster themselves with the mud and then wash it off again.

Practically the only sorrows that afflict a small boy proceed from his coming into too close quarters with his elders. He may do many things worthy of blame, but, if he manages to be away at the critical moment, he escapes punishment. The elders gauge the amount and the severity of the punishment, not so much by the extent of the breach of the moral laws as by the intensity of their feelings at the moment, and the youngster soon learns to keep out of the way till the storm has passed.

It is a very rare thing to see a Mosuto child crying. If it does, there is a general move to appease it. The sterner notion of giving it something to cry for is unknown. In earlier days it lives a life, not without moments of anxiety, tied to its mother's back in the fold of her blanket, and wherever the mother goes her child goes with her, its grotesque head appearing just above the level of her shoulder.

On the whole, it is generally agreed that parental discipline is extremely slack. Almost always the small child, too young to work with its parents in the lands, is handed over to the care of the grand-parents, and this is probably a contributory cause of the independence of spirit mentioned before, which develops so markedly later on in these mountain people.

BALE GIRLS.
(They are pretending to have hands in imaginary pockets,
" In mimicry of the British soldier and his swagger.")

BALE GIRLS.
" Pretence is made of scouting in the long grass with reeds as rifles."

Though the menfolk may often be seen lounging and gossiping, the time of their women is very fully occupied ; it is therefore a happy circumstance that they can talk as they work. And when a wife is not busied with her numerous household duties, the care of her children or the labour in the lands, she employs herself in the manufacture of clay pots. The best clay for the purpose is reddish-brown, though more rarely the almost white variety of initiation schools is used, and without any instrument except a potsherd to scrape away the clay as she shapes it, she contrives not only cooking-pots, but vases of all shapes and sizes and models of animals and birds (generally the work of herd-boys these) ; and most of them as regular as can be turned out on a lathe. The delicate part of the business is the baking, and it is seldom that this work is brought to perfection as it has to be done in the open, where a constant heat cannot be maintained.

Still greater skill does she display in the manufacture of necklaces and other bead work ; some are works of art.

The brewing of beer is a laborious task, though the housewife performs it willingly in anticipation of pleasures to come. The method is a tedious one. A quantity of kaffir corn is soaked in water for twenty-four hours and then artificially brought to sprout by burying it in the ground and lighting a fire over the spot morning and evening for a few days. The next step is to grind the now sprouting grain and add enough boiling water to make it into a paste. The paste is allowed to go cold, and water and a yeast, made from green mealies ground down and lukewarm water, is then added ; the liquid ferments at once, and is soon ready for drinking. Some experts say that its potency is much increased by bringing it to the boil over and over again. Be that as it may, it is only a light beer (*leting*), and enormous quantities, beyond the dreams of a " six-bottle man," have to be drunk to attain to intoxication ; for the determined, however, there is a stronger brew (*joala*), and on this there is no real difficulty in getting very drunk.

The young girls lead less strenuous lives and, their household

duties over, are free to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Here, as elsewhere, the amusement of which they never tire is dancing.

The best-known dance is called *khiba*. To *khiba* is to dance, but not in our sense of the word : it is a kneeling dance, during which the feet never leave the ground. It is accompanied by singing, clapping of hands and vigorous movements of the upper part of the body. It used to be the favourite dance of girls, but Christian opinion looked askance at it, and it has been largely replaced by the *setapo*, or step-dance. The words of the songs appear to be composed by the dancers themselves; some attain great popularity and are sung from one end of the country to the other. The sound of the words rather than the sense seems to be the great attraction, though one sometimes hears songs, or rather sentences, repeated over and over again in almost endless reiteration describing incidents which have impressed the youthful imagination : such as recruiting the labour contingent to cross the seas to France for service in the Great War, or the rapid travelling and the ubiquitous presence of one of the first European magistrates to collect hut-tax. In the latter case the oft-repeated line ran : "*O farohile Majoro Bello.*" This is evidently a very old and popular song, as one can hear it sung in various places. The curious part is that the word *farohile* is not Sesuto ; it is the English "far away" put into the Sesuto form of the past tense. Evidently the words "far away" had a comic and a pleasing sound to the Mosuto ear, and it was dragged into the song in a punning way to mean something equivalent to our "all over the place."

For the men and boys there is a game somewhat similar to draughts; this is called *moraba-raba*, and they will sit at it for hours. Women never seem to play it, perhaps because it is considered too deep for the feminine mind. It is played with black and white pebbles on a squared diagram cut in stone. The skill consists in getting three "oxen" of one's own colour in a straight line, when one is permitted to remove one of the opposing "oxen," thus

weakening the opponent's defence till at last all his oxen are captured. This does not occupy the two players only : there is always the candid friend to give his unwanted, unheeded counsel.

All of them love riding, and with their bright-coloured blankets wrapped round them, a group, their headman to the fore, look very picturesque as they ride into a village after a visit to the chief's *lekhotla*. Though not finely built like the Zulu type, they are none the less wiry and agile and keen horsemen. The women ride seldom, but young herds ride anything and everything that can boast four legs, from a goat to a bullock, tumbling off and then on again till the unhappy animal gives in and becomes quite a respectable mount.

BALE GIRLS: THE PARADE.

BALE GIRLS: THE ARRIVAL AT THE VILLAGE.

Chapter 8 Women

STRICTLY speaking, a woman is a minor all her life—some would say, a chattel. The actual position is much modified by the respect which a man has for his mother or the affection which he has for his wife and, still more, by the natural eloquence of woman and her marked disinclination to regard herself as a "chattel."

Marriages are carefully discussed by the families concerned, and the whole affair is more in the nature of the transfer of a daughter of one house to become the daughter of another, than of the marriage of individuals in our sense. Cattle (the dowry) are given to the family parting with the daughter, nowadays from fifteen to twenty head, and, after that transaction, she is regarded as belonging to the house of her adoption.

The number of cattle to be given is usually a matter for lengthy discussion, but as soon as a settlement acceptable to both parties has been reached, the marriage proceeds. An ox is killed, a portion offered to the shades, and then divided, according to custom, amongst those present and the people of the bridegroom. In the evening the feast proper begins ; meat from the ox is given out to the marriage guests, the entrails being the share of the women whose duty it has been to labour at the building of the nuptial hut and cut the grass for the thatch ; all who come are given a portion. Sometimes the fat of the entrails is made into a necklace and, after being rubbed with a special medicine, is hung round the neck of the bride ; bracelets are also made and placed on the wrists of both bride and bridegroom. The necklace is said to be symbolic of the bond between them, and the bracelets a recommendation to the goodwill of the spirits of the ancestors. At all events, these appear to be the binding acts of the ceremony, the

last of all being a warning to the bride to avoid evil, such as theft and witchcraft.

After this is over, the remainder of the night is spent in feasting and philandering.

With the dawn, the bride with her party returns home to her parents to await the completion of the nuptial hut. When all is ready, she and her friends set out for the village of the mother of the bridegroom. Near the entrance they sit down on their mats and wait until the village send out an ambassadorial deputation to beg them to enter and, what is more important, to offer them gifts. Sometimes they deem these gifts not up to standard, and they then refuse to enter until others or more are brought. Once persuaded, they time their arrival for sunset ; food is then offered, but refused on the plea that they wish to pass the night in fasting. The next day they set to and perform all the household duties, which henceforward the bride will have to do for herself ; they sweep out the hut, fetch the water, make the meals and grind the grain. Once the food is cooked, however, they still refuse to eat, this time on the plea that they are really not hungry ; only when the father-in-law produces a goat and has it killed will they eat. Once more, as at the marriage feast, the night is spent in a manner appropriate to the festive occasion.

The next day the father-in-law presents an ox to those who have brought him his new daughter ; and there may be some argument over the adequacy of this. The meat is sent to the bride's parents, followed by the whole party, who only stay on this occasion for the actual eating of the meat, and then her friends escort the bride to her new family for the last time. The marriage is not yet complete, however ; for some days the bride is the guest in the hut of her mother-in-law. But, when these are passed, she obtains the consent of her mother-in-law to place a pot of beer in the nuptial hut as a sign that she is ready to begin her married life. From that moment only are the couple considered by their friends to be married.

MADELE: AN OLD WOMAN OF MPHOTOS.

Any additional wives, it is important to note, are the choice of the man, and are chosen without necessarily consulting his parents; but the choice of the first wife always lies with the parents, and her children cannot be superseded by those of a favourite.

Should the husband die, the wife still remains the child of the house into which she has married, and is the guardian rather than the parent of the children born to her. If she wished to contract a second marriage her request nowadays might possibly be allowed, but if she wished to take the children with her she would meet with an uncompromising refusal. Her request would cause the same amazement as it would in a European family if the nurse when leaving asked permission to take with her the child she had been tending, on the ground that the child was fonder of her than of anyone else.

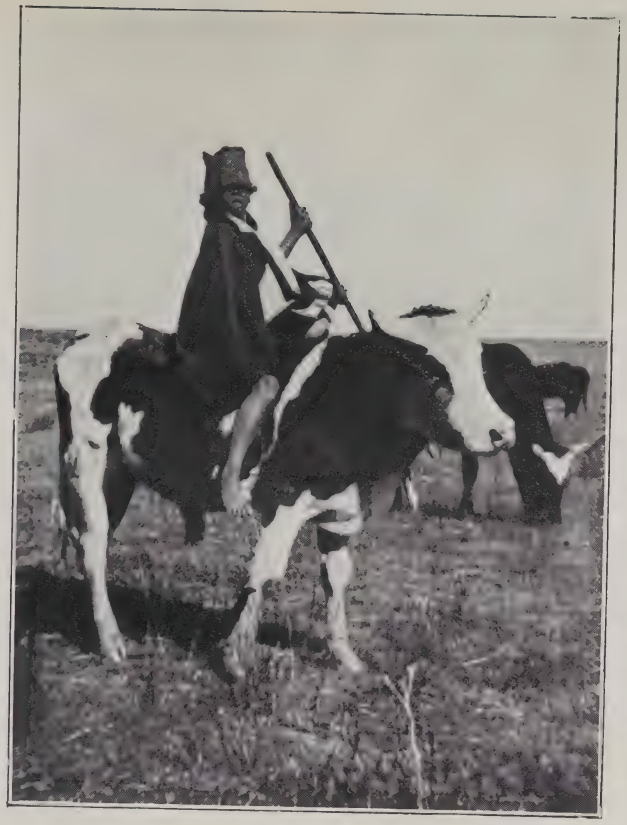
If she remained with the family which had adopted her (as would happen wherever the women have not come into contact with European influences), the eldest surviving brother would take her over. Whatever children might be born to her would one and all be looked upon as being those of her late husband. The children born to her as the result of irregular unions would not be her own ; they would still be considered in every way as the children of her late husband, and little, if any, difference made between them and the legitimate children. So much is the child considered to belong to the " house " rather than to the father and mother, that according to old custom when there were two sons and the elder was affianced to a girl and died before marriage the next son would marry the girl, but his children would be looked upon as belonging to the dead man or the dead man's " house." The brother would merely be regarded as raising up seed for the dead ; this is what the Basuto call *ho nyalloa lebitla* (to be married for the grave). The natural father would only be the guardian of the children till his eldest son came of age, when he would resign to the young man (his own natural son) the family property and leadership. In some cases to preserve the continuity of a house the extraordinary legal fiction

has been adopted of considering the only child, though a daughter, as being a man, and of making a marriage for her with a man, regarded as a woman ; the issue of the marriage are then looked upon as the lawful heirs of the " man " who married " her," i.e. of the house who had paid the cattle. Similarly, a widow left without children could marry a " wife," and get some male friend or relation to beget children for her. These children would be hers, and no one could contest her right to them. Letsie I had only one child by his " royal " wife, Senate (a girl), and Moshesh, wishing to keep the succession in the royal line, decided that the son of Senate should be Letsie's heir ; to this end, the former variety of this legal fiction was employed : Senate paid cattle to the family of Joseph Molapo, and having paid cattle, naturally became the owner, or " father," of the offspring. Senate was considered a man. In this particular instance, however, altered circumstances brought it about that Letsie I was succeeded by Lerotholi, son of his second wife ; and Lerotholi by his sons, Letsie II and Griffith, the present paramount chief.

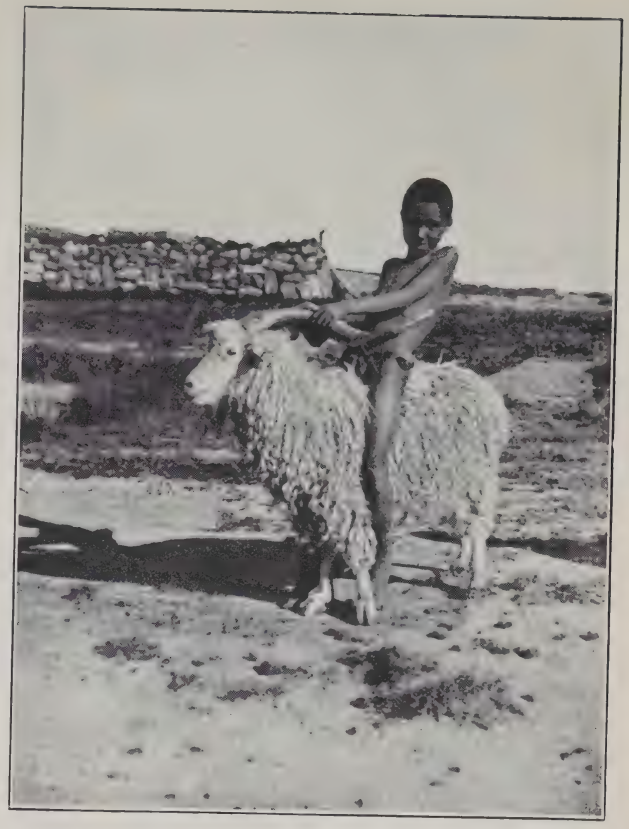
It is the anxious desire of every Mosuto woman to become a mother of children, a quiverful, the more the merrier. She fears lest by remaining childless she will lose the wayward affections of her husband and be replaced by some favourite ; she realizes, moreover, that a large family means an increase of the family's wealth and importance, especially if her children are daughters, with dowries in the offing. Every means is taken to bring about the desired event, and this necessitates many visits to the medicine man. What is more, among the *lares* and *penates* of every Basuto family there used to be[1] kept a crude doll, and when there were three or four of these despairing women round about, they would come together with their dolls to implore the controller of their destinies to come to their aid, and, hearts on lips, sing the " Song of the Childless Woman."

" These dolls we nurse in our arms," they cry, " have lips, but

[1] It is still, but rarely.



"YOUNG HERDS RIDE ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING—



—THAT CAN BOAST FOUR LEGS."

speak not ; ears, and hear not ; eyes, and see not ; and when they lie next us in our blankets at night there is no warmth that answers to the warmth of our bodies. Have pity on our unhappy state. What is the use of a lifeless lump like this ? Give us a real child, give us one that speaks, that hears, that sees; one that lies warm to our breasts." At length they cease their prayers, and their pleading cries give way to strident curses.

Children are very little expense, and quite early in life learn to make themselves useful ; they are valuable property, and the Mosuto would look upon the writings of Malthus as the ravings of a lunatic—much in the same way as a farmer would if he were asked to apply the same principles to the management of his live-stock. Any woman whom he has adopted into his family and any issue of that woman he regards as one of his assets, which he has no intention of giving up : certainly not to satisfy what he regards as the idle fancy of the woman for some man outside the family.

The position gets more and more difficult as women become imbued with modern notions of the sacred rights of the individual ; but the system had the merit of giving material protection to women and children. There were no waifs and strays, no wandering widows without owners or protectors and no orphans without guardians. An individual husband might die, but a family could not ; and interest rather than charity prompted that family to bring up all the children as full members of it. These are important factors.

BALE GIRLS.

"The convention of secrecy is satisfied if they wear veils."

Chapter 9 Hospitality

"LET no man molest the traveller or take his goods," said Moshesh. In the old days when travellers were few, it was the law that any traveller arriving at a village and duly reporting himself to the headman, should receive free food and lodging. The multiplicity of strangers passing by in these days has made the duty of hospitality too onerous for the villagers living near the main streams of traffic, but in the less frequented parts the old custom has been kept up and the traveller is ungrudgingly given his share of whatever is in the cooking-pot, and hut-room for the night.

There are indeed numerous sayings and proverbs to remind the fortunate one who has food that his turn to be hungry may come some day. It is almost a curse to say to anyone who grudges a share of what he is eating : "*Moja-pele o tsoana le Moja-morao*" (literally meaning : "The one who eats first is like the one who eats later"), for it implies that the day may come when the hungry visitor will have the chance to serve the stingy one in his own fashion and that it is his ardent desire that that day may come soon. Another proverb significantly says : "He who laughs at poverty attracts it to himself."

On the other hand, those who partake of the benefits of hospitality have to give something in return ; as with us, there are conventions to be observed. Indeed, in the old days neglect to carry out one of these very definite obligations often brought down on the offender consequences much more severe than if he had committed some definite and open crime against the community. The wayfarer was accorded every comfort upon his arrival at a village, but on him, too, politeness urged duties which must duly be performed.

There is a story of a missionary who, when a man pleaded as his excuse for not carrying out an order that he had had previous instructions to the contrary from Chief Masupha, asked in tones of contempt : " Masupha ! Who is Masupha ? " It fell out that the missionary shortly afterwards paid a visit to Masupha, a turbulent and unruly chief, one of the most powerful of his time, and being much interested in such matters, begged his host to tell him of the days when Moshesh was Paramount Chief. After a little, Masupha related a story of how two strangers, arriving at the royal *kraal* of Moshesh, slept the night at a village and were about to continue their journey in the morning, when they were asked by the villagers how it was that they had not paid their respects to Chief Moshesh ; whereupon one of the travellers asked in tones of contempt : " Moshesh ! Who is Moshesh ? " They were promptly hailed before the great chief, who received them with marked courtesy, asked them of the country through which they had passed and of what had befallen them by the way ; and he ordered his servants to kill two oxen that they might eat in honour of their visit. The feast over, the mortified travellers were sewn up in the skins of the animals and thrown over the edge of Thaba Bosiu, as a lesson to others to give respect where respect is due. . . . The missionary,[1] after receiving this broad hint that his own remark had reached the ears of Masupha, was glad to take his leave.

This convention and that of sharing-out is deeply ingrained in the character of the Mosuto. Even the children are taught to divide up and give to each child present a part of any delicacy that may have been given them. A biscuit given to a troop of hungry herd-boys will be ceremoniously divided up into fragments that each may have a taste : a happy custom that is sometimes carried to the most ridiculous extremes. This is partly on the same principle—that one's own turn may come to-morrow—and partly from a knowledge of the ill-feeling that is naturally aroused

[1] It was the late M. Jacottet, of Morija.

THE HUT.

by the sight of some one else enjoying what one has not. And in a country where witchcraft is prevalent, it is unwise to be openly the enemy of anyone. There is a general feeling that it is wise to keep on the safe side ; as the old lady felt who insisted on crossing herself in church every time the Devil was mentioned.

At wedding feasts and other jollifications any visitors are welcome to take a share of the food provided, and our custom of limiting the enjoyment of these festivities to a few friends is utterly repugnant to the Mosuto.

In times of scarcity even those who are rich in cattle often stint themselves rather than sell their cattle to buy grain, for they know full well that if food is abundant with them their hungry neighbours will come and share it, and they therefore prefer to go short themselves rather than incur the charge of meanness or the expense of too-frequent hospitality. In this way the lot of the poor man is lightened by the absence of jealousy ; all are in the same boat, and the rich man does not take the outstanding position that he does with us.

This description may seem to paint native life in Basutoland in rosy colours likely to arouse the envy of one who is a little disillusioned by modern civilization with its extremes of wealth and poverty, its sordid commerce and the emptiness of so many of its so-called pleasures. But it would be absolutely wrong to conclude that the Mosuto has discovered by accident the simple life, the Utopia which the fiery Bolshevist dreams of achieving through blood and tears, injustice and crime. It is true enough that there is no poverty as we know it, and life does not hold that terror for the inefficient that our industrial system does, and that there is the general appearance of an easy-going life of the share-and-share-alike kind, yet there is a Sesuto saying, "*Motse o motle kantle*"—"the village looks pretty from the outside,"—but the outsider does not see the corruption within ; and there is one form of corruption which is such a universal destroyer of happiness that it deserves a chapter to itself.

RETURNING FROM THE LANDS.

POLISHING FEET.

Chapter 10 Superstition

IT is very difficult for the European to realize how fatal superstition is to happiness. We have our superstitions, our signs of good or ill-luck, but the superstitious person confines its ill-effects to himself. The superstitious black man is different. He lives surrounded by people who can work him harm secretly. Let him have a touch of rheumatism or a broken leg, and he will call it the work of an enemy. Imagine the feelings of an English lady suffering from a headache on her returning from a visit, if she were to think to herself, " Some one has bewitched me. I'm quite sure it was that disagreeable Mrs. So-and-So," and picture the effect it would have on social relations if such beliefs were common, and if every pain, every accident and every run of ill-luck were honestly believed to be due to the machinations of one's so-called friends.

We regard it as an axiom that all men are mortal. The old superstition of the Basuto was that no man *dies* ; he is *murdered*. The saying, " *Letlalo la motho ha le thakhisoe fatse*" (The skin of the man is not pegged out on the ground), means that no man just dies ; he is bewitched, and his death must be ascribed to somebody. His skin must not simply be pegged out on the ground ; it must be pegged out on the man who bewitched him. And though these superstitions with regard to accident and sickness and death are gradually weakening, their influence is still great and they play an enormous part in embittering social relations. A man regards his neighbour with suspicion and takes preventative measures, even if he does not go to the length of applying similar means of retaliation.

If anyone does anything a little better than or a little different from the rest he may expect trouble and, in fact, he is generally

on the look-out for it. Even if misfortune comes to him quite apart from anything his jealous neighbours might do, he is fully persuaded in his own mind that it is their doing. To build a large house, to have unusually fertile fields, to have a fine herd of cattle are most certain ways of attracting the jealousy of others. So at least their owner believes, and as, in this uncertain life, he is likely to meet with some misfortune or other, the first occasion is enough to confirm his fears. He has been bewitched, by whom he cannot say, but he will probably have a very fair notion of the culprit. A hailstorm sweeps away his crops ; he will not say, but he has a pretty shrewd idea of the man who did it. He may not have an enemy in the world, but he considers that his success is quite sufficient to move his jealous neighbour to practise witchcraft on him.

In a little village there was a hut, conspicuous for neatness and ornamentation. Many European passers-by noticed it and some went in to see the inside, which was painted and decorated with unusual elaboration. One, who took an interest in this original work, told the owner that he would one day come back and take a photograph of it.

Some years passed, and the visitor came this way again. The hut was neglected and appeared to be empty, so he passed by. He had not gone far before a messenger came up to him to say that there was a woman lying very ill in the hut, who wished to speak with him. He went in, and found the woman obviously dying. Pointing to the remains of her efforts at mural decoration, she said, " That is why I am dying. People were jealous of my skill, and have bewitched me."

Moreover, just as the evils of life are not natural, so growth and fertility are not natural. It is medicine that makes the crops grow well, it is medicine that changes a boy into a man, and it is medicine that makes one successful in war and the chase. It was for the medicine to rule people that Moshesh went to Mohlomi. The strongest medicine can only be obtained from human bodies. Hence, the burial-places of the dead chiefs are guarded and some-

KHIBA; A DANCE.

times hidden, not with any idea of sacredness, but because some one might make powerful and dangerous medicine from the corpses. Recently a woman, who was the only one in a village who did not lose her children during the influenza epidemic, was murdered for the sake of the valuable medicine it was hoped to obtain from her body.

It is easily understandable that the change from boyhood to manhood is regarded as one that could not come about without the help of medicine. Even to us there is surely something akin to the marvellous in it. One sees a boy ; in a few years one sees in his place a young man with an entirely different personality. The change is wonderful, but so general that we cease to marvel at it.

The Basuto, however, think, like Mr. Shandy, that if a man or woman is in the making, it is necessary to take the utmost precautions if the result is to be a good one.

Accordingly, when the boys are entering on the last stage of childhood they are collected together and prepared for initiation. They depart under the leadership of some elderly man and spend several months away from home, generally in some out-of-the-way kloof in an adjacent mountain. No women or uninitiated persons are allowed to go near. Even to-day any rash intruder would be roughly handled ; formerly death was the penalty for violating the mysteries. This secrecy helps to maintain the dignity of the mysteries, and also prevents enemies from bewitching the boys during this delicate stage of their existence.

Girls attending the initiation " school " are called *Bale* ; for them initiation is a less important affair ; certainly there is far less secrecy about it. They do not go far away from the village and they return each evening before sundown. The convention of secrecy is satisfied if they wear veils while in the village and do not raise their voices above a hoarse whisper. But this is all play-acting, for it is quite plain that every one recognizes them in spite of their veils and assumed voices. Schools vary in size from three

or four to large schools of fifteen to twenty. The photographs show them in the early stage when their faces and bodies are blackened, and also as they become later on, when they have been smeared over with white clay—evidently to show the great change that has come over them and that they are now no longer children.

While away they carry on the ordinary work in the fields, and during the intervals practise dances. Some of the dances may refer to early history, but many are quite modern : as, for instance, dances descriptive of the Boers, in which pretence is made of scouting in the long grass with reeds as rifles ; some, in mimicry of the British soldier and his swagger, are conducted by girls leaning back as they walk with their hands as if in their pockets ; others are supposed to represent the shunting of a railway engine.

In the village they have a special hut and a special *lelapa*, and in the roof of every hut there must be placed a forked stick coated with medicines to serve as a protection against lightning and other witchcraft, which might be sent by an ill-wisher.

When the ceremonies, which last for about two months and are held at the time of the ripening of the kaffir corn, are at last over, all garments, ornaments and appurtenances of both boys and girls are burnt, partly perhaps to symbolize the leaving behind of all the actions and thoughts of childhood, but chiefly to prevent any ill-disposed person from putting on them medicine which will harm their former wearers. This, at any rate, is the strict theory, but, as in all these matters, the Mosuto takes the line of least resistance and a few articles, such as veils, which have taken much time in the making, are carefully guarded and preserved for a future occasion.

In these ceremonies, in which there is something of phallic worship, a warrior is preferably chosen to medicine the boys and a healthy matron the girls, so that the initiates may take after them and that the young men of the tribe may be strong and vigorous and the girls become fruitful " mothers in Israel."

It is true that in these age-long superstitions there may have been something not appreciated by us which tended to hold the

tribe together, to repress individualism and to increase the respect which young people paid to the old, but there is little doubt that to-day their influence is actively harmful.

Superstition and a vague and debased form of ancestor-worship take the place of any religious beliefs among those who have not, for one reason or another, embraced the tenets of Christianity, and besides the harm that may be worked by the jealous neighbours, the unfortunate Mosuto has also to contend against the spite of evil spirits, which are thought often to inhabit the bodies of animals or reptiles. An old man in the Quthing District suffered acutely from rheumatism, and, though he was sure enough that he had been bewitched, he could not lay the charge at anyone's door. One day he saw on the banks of the Qomogomong River near by an iguana five feet long, a rare lizard in these parts, and with all the energy of conviction he instantly killed it. "That," he afterwards said, "has been the cause of all my trouble, but now that its skin hangs outside my hut I shall live in peace."

Death itself has no very great terror for the Mosuto, but whenever death takes place there is an uneasy feeling that things are not quite as they should be, that it is the result of witchcraft or murder. Even to the enlightened there is a feeling of suspicion, something like the feeling which is present in the mind of one, who, though not superstitious, dislikes the idea of sitting down thirteen to the table. Apart from the sorrow of bereavement, death casts, therefore, a certain gloom over the family from the suspicion that some enemy has done this deed.

Concerning the view of future punishment there is naturally much diversity among individuals, but on the whole the view seems to be "Pish! He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well." The following story is an illustration of the common point of view. A man, who had led a decidedly bad life, was on the point of death and was saying with unwarranted confidence that he was rather looking forward to arriving in Heaven. His missionary took upon himself to tell the dying man not to be so cocksure of his destination as,

to put it mildly, he had been leading a distinctly sinful life. The dying man looked hard at the missionary and said with some warmth, " Do you mean that I might be chased out of Heaven ? Why ? I have not killed anyone, have I ? "

The customs of burial have changed considerably, and are generally now solemnized with Christian rites. In olden times the body was put in a squatting position and buried in a cave-like hole under the cattle kraal. Evil-minded people, who would like to obtain medicine from the body and by this medicine bring disaster on the family of the deceased, were thus frustrated. In the first place, shortly after the cattle had trampled over the spot it would be extremely difficult to locate the position. In the next place, if one could be sure of the spot, it would be impossible to dig there without being observed. In the daytime the *kraal* would be in full view of everybody and at night it would be crowded with cattle, and any disturbance would bring out the owners like a swarm of bees. Nowadays, bodies are generally buried in the little village cemeteries, and the family is content with placing some good-sized stones on the top of the mound ; even heathens are now buried in the conventional coffin.

Most Europeans are inclined to look upon native superstitions as stupid beliefs which will not stand the test of a few intelligent questions. That this is not so, anyone who tries to argue with the believer will find to his cost. The superstitious one's logic is unassailable. He starts from different premises and naturally reaches a different conclusion, but every step in his argument is logically sound.

The native doctors concoct their medicines with just that same care and reasoning that our doctors do, but they commence making up their prescriptions with an entirely different assumption at the back of their minds. In the first place, to them, each object has a certain power, or " fluence," as our street conjurors would say. Thus, if one takes the essence or the " fluence " of a scorpion and (after taking every precaution to see that it does not evaporate)

MORABA-RABA.
A game of chess.

mixes it with the dog's food, it is evident that that dog will become exceedingly fierce. This " fluence," which, for the want of a real word in the English language, more or less translates the idea, can work both backwards and forwards. A man's walking-stick or his snuff-box have on them some of their owner's " fluence." If an enemy takes one of these objects and puts on it some evil " fluence," naturally the owner will be very severely injured by it. Any reader of the *Ingoldsby Legends* will readily appreciate the idea, which appears to have been generally accepted by our ancestors.

An enemy having the right recipe can cause a snake to enter a man's body and the possessed one can feel it moving about, now here, now there. He is quite certain about this. An instance of this uncomfortable malady demonstrates the inconclusive result of arguing from dissimilar premises. A Mosuto, feeling he was possessed, explained matters to a European. The European thought it an excellent opportunity for squashing at least one superstition. He therefore explained carefully to the man that he was under a most obvious delusion, as the fact could easily be proved that there is no path by which *anything*, and certainly not a snake, could travel from the stomach to the top of the head. The native merely replied, " If there is no path from the stomach to the brain, why, when last I had a headache, did you give me a pill ? " His snake was a medicine snake and could travel as least as easily as any pill could.

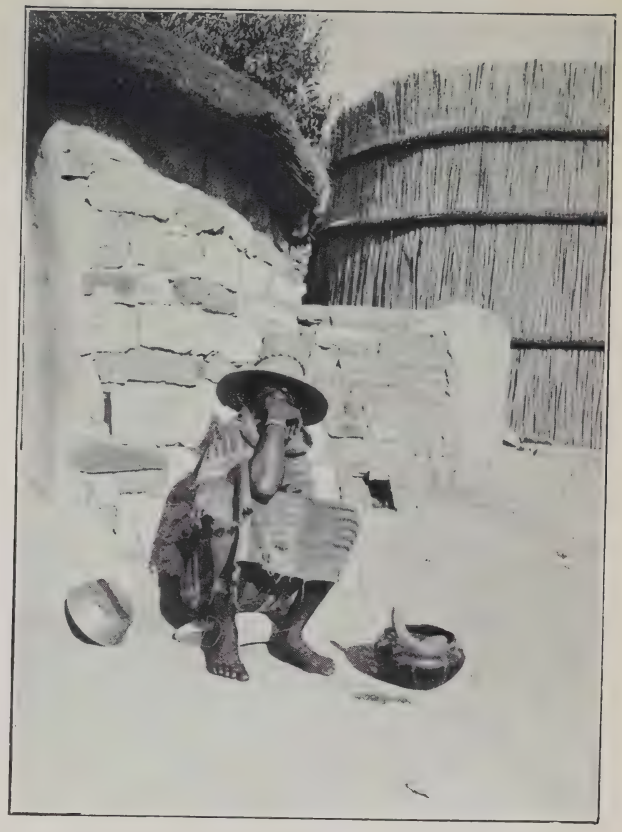
Superstition not only creates mutual jealousies and suspicions, but it also prevents progress. The successful man is regarded with dislike if his land, by better cultivation, produces more than that of his neighbours : he has in some mysterious way stolen the richness of the adjoining land. Till the force of superstition has been weakened material progress is bound to be slow, and the far-seeing Moshesh rightly regarded witchcraft as one of the three things most dangerous to the safety and welfare of his people.

But, in spite of the difficulty of refuting superstition by simple argument, it is gradually becoming less of a power in the land.

Contact with Europeans and knowledge of their disregard for its claims does much to weaken and discredit it. Generally speaking, the native in the Union appears to be less superstitious than the natives living segregated in the Protectorates.

Yet when all is said, even when one realizes to the full all the evils of superstition, one cannot help feeling that the Mosuto is better off than his more progressive brother living among Europeans in the most benevolently administered location. He lives a life of his own.

HERD BOYS DANCING;
YOUTH—



SAMPLING THE FAMILY BREW.
—AND AGE.

Chapter 11 Folk-Tales

IT must not be thought, however, that all their fancies are dark and sinister ; there is a wealth of legend and fairy-tale among these people that rivals anything elsewhere. Any attempt at classification is almost useless, for there is much overlapping ; there are tales of wonder, of legend, old wives' tales, tales of unexpected deliverance from signal dangers, of ghosts and goblins and witches, and of heroes. There are many of animals, both fabulous and real, and in these it is noticeable that to some animals are assigned rôles to represent human qualities and that these rôles are maintained throughout many different stories : to the hare and the jackal is given cunning, to the rabbit timidity, to the tortoise perseverance. And so on. The hare generally takes the place of the fox of European tales.

In some mysterious way superstitions and songs and tales appear to have been wafted from land to land. At any rate, there is an astonishing similarity in tales all over the world and also in incidents related in the early chapters of the Bible, a similarity that adds to their interest and opens up a large field for extravagant speculation. Cain and Abel, for example, have very close counterparts in Basuto lore. But then, of course, the theme of the jealousy of the elder brother for his more successful junior is of universal application. So also are the adventures of Brer Rabbit. Perhaps the most it is permissible to deduce from these resemblances is that the primitive mind was lamentably commonplace, since if the experts may be trusted, it everywhere thought of the same thing at the same time. The advocates of the theory of transmission from a given centre, such as India, or Egypt, or the Great Lakes of Africa, are hedged about with difficulties ; and the theory that the tales were imposed by conquering tribes along with their customs

and laws, or that the weaker tribes gradually assimilated them, is equally difficult of proof. On the other hand, there does seem some ground for claiming that it was only natural that the elements of tales, at any rate, should be similar.

Any attempt to fix their date can only be guesswork, but it is reasonable to suppose that they were current when the Bantu tribes, now scattered, were to all intents and purposes one people, since the *form* in which the same stories are told in various parts of Africa is almost identical ; which is extraordinary, considering they have been passed down orally from generation to generation. But, whatever their date, they take the reader back to the childhood of the world, and provide him with a feast of primitive imagination.

Their setting is much the same as that of European stories ; they are told round the fire, but the fire is in the open, and the audience forms a circle round it, sitting on its haunches. They are told not only to children, but also to grown-ups, who are, happily for themselves, still children in imagination. The audience listens well, and it is real pleasure to hear the deep-toned ejaculations of surprise, or, at some particularly fabulous incident, to watch every hand move up to cover the mouth, wide open in astonishment.

It must be remembered that these tales are to the Basuto what our circulating libraries are to us, the only difference being that the tales have a relatively much larger circulation. In this instance the Basuto have the advantage over us that all of them can hear, while not all of us can read. Hence the story-teller is the ancestor of our modern novelist, though happily for him there is no middleman publisher to snatch his slender profits. New tales are brought into a village by the arrival of a stranger, who puts up at the *lekhotla* and beguiles his hosts with the fabulous tales of his people ; and they in their turn tell their own. In due course, the traveller sets off again on his journey with valuable additions to his store, which he faithfully retails as his own to other village folk the next night ; by this process, and subject to the universal law of weeding out,

TAKING LIGHTED FUEL TO THE LANDS.

new tales are gradually spread throughout the country. Yet, though some new tale may now and again catch the ear of popular fancy, the old chestnuts easily maintain their pride of place.

Unhappily great changes are taking places in these tales in Basutoland ; with the coming of the missionaries and European institutions they gradually became bowdlerized by a new-found sense of shame and embellished with topical allusions and incidents of the life on the Mines. It is, therefore, a great debt we owe to those enthusiastic students of native life who have spent years of labour in order that they might hand down these tales to us in their virgin state.

From the following examples out of a storehouse of these treasures[1] the reader may exercise himself in deducing what he likes, but he cannot fail to notice the essentially native form in which the stories are told ; the stereotyped opening and conclusion, the clichés, the repetitions and the extreme simplicity. If he goes on and reads other tales he will begin to notice how faithful an index they provide to the feelings and tastes and habits of the Basuto ; and that is just where lies their immense value to the anthropologist. Here there is only room for a couple of them ; among others there is a wholly delightful story which tells of the dreadful fate of a man who, " when quite filled with beer," called his wife the daughter of an ostrich egg ; another (told below) describes the meeting of four young men with the first woman and how the first marriage was arranged—*she fed the brute*—naïvely concluding, " they left that man and that woman together. It is the end of the tale " ; then there is the story of the evil-doings of Monyohe, disguised in quite the traditional style as a serpent ; of the adventures of the minstrel with the splendidly

[1] Jacottet, *Treasury of Basuto Lore*, vol. i. (Sesuto text and English translation). The very highest tribute was paid to this Treasury by a Mosuto servant, who brought it to the writer and offered to lend it to him ; the cover was very worn, and the pages were covered with the marks of constant use, like the thumbed Prayer Books of a village church. No compliment would have been better appreciated by its author.

appropriate name of Moholokoane-who-causes-the-tongue-to-be-dry ; and those of young Nkolobe, who gave birth to a child through taking his mother's medicine.

Not the least charming attribute is the music of some of the word sounds : we may well envy the story-teller who can render, " Once upon a time there were two women . . . ." into " *Boholo-holo-holo ho bo le basali ba babeli* . . ."

This is the story of " The Jackal " :

The Jackal

" Once all the animals had no water to drink. They found a small fountain which had not yet been properly dug out. They said : Let us all dig it, that we may be able to drink much water. But the jackal refused to dig. Now when they had finished digging, they said : Let us keep watch over it. Who will keep watch so that the jackal shall not drink our water, since he refused to dig ? They said : Let the rabbit keep watch. As for the jackal, he went to the mountain.

" They went away from the fountain. When they were already gone, the jackal came. He said to the rabbit : He ! rabbit ! he ! rabbit ! good morning. The rabbit answered : All right. The jackal came, drew near ; when he came near the rabbit at the fountain, he took his bag out. He put his hand in the bag and took honey. Then he said to the rabbit : Do you see ? as for me, I do not feel the thirst ; I eat something nice. He ate. The rabbit said : Give me some, my friend. He gave him some, very little. The rabbit said : Oh ! it is very nice. He said again : Give me a lot, please, my friend. The jackal answered : No, if you want me to give you a lot, you must let me bind your hands behind your back, and then lie on your back, that I may be able to pour it into your mouth. The rabbit lay on his back. When he was lying so on his back, the jackal went to the fountain, and drank the water over which the rabbit was keeping watch. After he had finished drinking he went away to the mountain.

"WHITE" BALE GIRLS.

" The other animals arrived and said : Rabbit, what have you done ? The rabbit answered : It is the jackal, see him yonder on the mountain ! He bound my hands saying he was going to give me some nice drink, whereas he was deceiving me in order to drink our water. They said: Rabbit, you are a fool to have let the jackal drink the water, the jackal who refused to dig with us. Then they said : Who will keep watch now ? It must be a cunning one. Little hare said : I shall keep watch. So little hare kept watch now. The others went away.

" The jackal came when they had already gone, and said : He ! little hare ! he ! little hare ! good morning. Little hare said : Good morning. The jackal said : Give me some snuff. Little hare answered : I have none. The jackal came, drew near, and sat down near little hare. He took out his little bag, and put his hand in it. He took out some honey, and ate it, saying: Mm ! He said again: Oh ! I eat something very nice, little hare. Little hare asked : What is it ? The jackal answered : I just moisten my little food-pipe. He said again: As for me, I never feel thirsty when I eat this thing, little hare. He added: As for you all, little hare, I believe that thirst is killing you. Little hare said : Let me taste some, my friend. The jackal let him taste some, very little of it. Then he said : No, no, little hare, if you want to taste it well, let me bind your hands behind your back, and then lie down on your back that I may be able to pour it down your throat. Little hare said : Do so, please, my friend. So the jackal bound his hands behind his back. He then went to the fountain after having bound him, and drank the water. After having drunk he went back to the mountain.

" Now the other animals came back in numbers; they said: Little hare, what have you done ? We thought that you were cunning ; you said you would be able to keep watch ; you said that if you kept watch the jackal would not drink our water. Now where is our water ? Now when we are so thirsty, where are we going to get water ? Little hare answered : It is

the jackal's fault ; he came with a nice drink, saying he would give me some; he said that if I wanted him to give me much of it, he had to bind my hands behind my back. They said : Who will keep watch now ? The leopard said: Let the tortoise keep watch. The tortoise kept watch. They went away to pasture.

" Now the jackal arrived and found that the tortoise was keeping watch. He said : He ! tortoise ! he ! tortoise ! good morning. The tortoise was silent. He spoke again another time : He ! tortoise ! he ! tortoise ! The tortoise was silent. The jackal said : It is a fool who is keeping watch to-day ; I shall draw near and kick it with my foot, and drink water. He came near to the tortoise and said : Tortoise ! The tortoise was silent. He pushed the tortoise aside to make it go away from the fountain, so that he might drink. Then the jackal stooped over the fountain. When he was going to drink, the tortoise caught one of his feet. The jackal cried : Ichi ! ichi ! you break me. The tortoise held him fast. The jackal took out his little bag and tried to let the tortoise smell the honey. But the tortoise looked aside, away from the little bag. The jackal vainly tried to give him his honey, saying: It is yours. The tortoise refused to take it and held him fast.

" Now the animals arrived. As they drew near, the jackal wrenched himself from the tortoise and ran away. When the animals arrived they said : All right, tortoise, you are a man ; to-day we shall be able to drink water, as you have caught the jackal, and hindered him from drinking our water.

" It is the end of the tale."

The Four Young Men

" They say there were four young men ; the fifth person was a woman. The woman was staying on a stony hill ; the four young men were staying on another stony hill. These young men used to hunt animals ; but this woman was unable to hunt, she was sitting on a heap wondering what to eat. These young men went

on killing animals ; they were eating them, living in the open country.

" Now one of them said : That person over there who is like us, who is killing game for her ? One of them said : She is not like us, she is unable to kill game. One said : She has feet and hands and a head ; why should she be unable to kill game ? Then one said : I am going to her, to see what kind of man it is who is not killing game.

" He found her still sitting on the ground. He said : What are you eating, you person ? She said : I do not eat anything, I am merely drinking water.—Nothing more ?—No. He went away ; went on saying : She is not of the same kind as us, she is of another kind. He came back to the other young men and said : It is a human being who is unable to kill game. They said : What is she like ?—She is just like us as far as the hands, the feet and the head are concerned, but she is of another kind.—And why does she not kindle any fire ?—She is merely sitting on the ground. Now the other young men wondered ; they slept, they slept.

" Next morning they went to hunt animals ; they came back after killing some. Now the young man said : You men, I am going to cut her some meat, so that I may see if she will eat it. They consented. He cut some meat ; he took some fire, and gathered some dung of animals ; he arrived and kindled a fire for her ; and then he roasted that meat. When it was done, he gave it to her, saying : Take and eat. She took and ate. He saw her eat it and wondered. She ate it. Then he cut another piece of meat in small pieces, saying : Take it, and roast it for yourself by and by. Then he went to his companions, and said : Well, men ! she has eaten it ; she is eating just like us, but she is in difficulties; she is not of a kind which can kill game. He went to hunt again.

" That woman was naked ; the young men were naked too. They could only clothe themselves with the skins of animals when they were still raw. On the head they fixed their arrows. The young man went and took her some meat. They said : You are

still killing animals for her ; we shall presently refuse to give you of our meat. He was silent. Now that woman became thirsty when she ate the flesh of animals. She dug out some clay and moulded a pot with clay ; she put it in the sun, it dried ; she went to draw water. When she came back she poured the water into the pot ; the clay fell in pieces. She again moulded another pot.

" Next morning she put it in the sun, it dried up ; she moulded two. She gathered dry dung and burned her pots ; she saw that they were ready ; she went to draw water and saw that the water now stood in them. In one of them she put some meat, and kindled a fire. The meat was cooked ; she dished it up, dished it up on a flat stone ; some of it she put in the pot. Now she ate.

" That man came ; he arrived ; she gave him some meat. She said to that man : Eat some of this, taste it. He ate it and drank some gravy ; he wondered. He went back to his companions and said : Men, she has moulded some earth ; with some of it she draws water, with some of it she cooks meat. Taste the meat she cooks ; she is not the same kind as ours. They wondered.

" One of them went, looked at her, and drank some gravy ; he was astonished at the pot. He went to his companions and said : She is another kind, she is not our kind. Now the first young man remained with that woman ; she cooked game for him. Then the three other young men dispersed ; they left that man and that woman together.

" It is the end of the tale."

Appendices

Appendix A

THE BATTLE OF BEREA

THE operations on the Berea Mountain formed an incident in a long and arduous campaign extending over a period of two years, when all the frontier tribes were in an agitated state, and many of them were in open rebellion. General Sir George Cathcart arrived at King William's Town at the end of April, 1852, and at once took command and continued the campaign. In the course of his operations Chief Sandili, of the Gaika tribe, was subdued ; the capital of the Paramount Chief Kreili was burnt, 15,000 cattle were captured in a nine days' foray, and yet more cattle were subsequently surrendered voluntarily by that chief as an earnest of good-will ; Chief Macomo and his two to three thousand warriors were cleared out of the Waterkloof in the Kroome Mountains, " one of a series of five or six deep and densely wooded concentric ravines, radiating to various points of the compass " ; and many other smaller chiefs, who had, however, become sufficiently formidable to cut off direct communication between King William's Town and Grahamstown, were brought to subjection.[1] All this was accomplished in extremely difficult country, with the line of communication often dangerously extended.

Towards the end of 1852 General Cathcart marched to the Caledon—a distance of 400 miles from the base of operations —to settle the disputes that had arisen from the non-payment of a fine of 10,000 cattle and 1,000 horses[2] levied upon Moshesh for cattle thefts.

Sir George Cathcart arrived with his small force at the Caledon River on the 2nd of December, but he did not march against

[1] *Correspondence of Sir George Cathcart*, p. 189 *et seq.* (*Minute to the Legislative Council*).

[2] The claim for the 1,000 horses does not appear to have been pressed ; it is not mentioned at the Conference between General Cathcart and Moshesh. Cf. *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., pp. 618-9.

Moshesh until daylight on the 20th. Before the action he approached the Basuto in person to give them the chance of asking for a parley, but, upon being fired at, he gave orders for the operations to proceed. It is of the events of the 20th that so much that is inaccurate has passed into history ; the popular account of them may be found in *The Basutos*[1] ; and it is therefore convenient to examine the story as given there and then to compare it with the actual facts as given in the official records of the time.

In the first place, the author allows his readers to believe that 2,000 English troops went into action.[2] From the *Basutoland Records* it is quite evident that Lieutenant-Colonel MacDuff's command of four companies of the Queen's and four companies of the 74th Regiment, making a total of 800 men, did not go into action.[3] Theal puts the strength of the force left in the hands of General Cathcart at less than 300,[4] and, in the official reports of the officers concerned, the strength of the other two columns is stated to be : Lieut.-Col. Napier, 233,[5] and Lieut.-Col. Eyre, 499,[6] making a total of 1,032,[7] a very different number from 2,000.

There is no estimate given in *The Basutos* of the number of men engaged on the Basuto side ; Sir George Cathcart put it at 5,000 to 6,000 cavalry and 2,000 infantry.[8] There is no reason to doubt his figures. And so well supplied with ammunition was Moshesh that he not only had sufficient for his own wants, but he

[1] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basutos*, 2 vols., London, 1909.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 141.

[3] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., pp. 611, 622 *et seq.*

[4] *Ibid.*, Introduction, vol. ii., pp. lxiii., lxiv., lxv.

[5] *Ibid.*, vol. i., pp. 623-4. [6] *Ibid.*, vol. i., pp. 625-6.

[7] Though the composition of General Cathcart's reserve is given in the official reports, its strength is not. With the above figures Theal is in entire agreement, except that he describes Napier's force as " less than 250." See *Basutoland Records*, Introd., vol. ii., pp. lxiii., lxiv. The units represented at Berea were : the 12th Lancers, the Cape Mounted Rifles, 43rd Regiment, 73rd Regiment, and the Rifle Brigade ; also a demi-battery of twelve-pounder howitzers. General Cathcart's command was mainly infantry, Col. Napier's exclusively cavalry, and Col. Eyre's exclusively infantry.

[8] " Considering the respectable nature of the Basuto force, consisting of from 5,000 to 6,000 cavalry, and, it is said, 2,000 infantry, well armed, generally with fire-arms as well as assagais." (*Basutoland Records*, vol. ii., p. 3. *Despatch to the Secretary of State for the Colonies*, 13th January, 1853.) " At Thaba Bosigo a force of 6,000 had assembled, all well armed with European weapons." (*Ibid.*, Introd., vol. ii., p. lxv.) This refers to the force opposing the troops under General Cathcart alone.

is said to have been able to supply considerable quantities to the rebellious Amatolas.[1]

The English casualties were thirty-eight killed and fifteen wounded ; of the killed, one was an officer, Captain Faunce, 73rd Regiment, D.A.Q.M.G., who was captured and subsequently murdered, his body being mutilated. Of the Basuto casualties there is contradictory evidence ; in the official report upon the operations of his command Lieut.-Col. Eyre states: " The enemy sustained some loss on this occasion—thirty-eight were killed by the Light Company of the 73rd and the Company of the Rifle Brigade alone, and several were found dead in other parts of the field."[2] Lieut-Col. Napier, for his, states, " a great number of the enemy were killed "; [3] and General Cathcart, for the whole force, in a dispatch to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, suggests a total of 500 to 600 killed and wounded.[4] The estimate given in *The Basutos* is twenty, " but probably both dead and wounded were carried off by the natives." [5]

One of the charges brought against General Cathcart was that he employed native auxiliaries in the action. " The policy of condemning the intervention and aid of local auxiliaries was in direct conflict with that of Sir Harry Smith and of the British Resident Green. Had it been adhered to, much trouble and future complication would have been avoided. It will be seen later that General Cathcart went back on his laudable intentions," [6] i.e. " he supplied the Batlokoa, the most uncompromising enemies of the Basuto, with arms and ammunition . . ." [7] " and he called upon Moroko to place a string of guards extending between his camp and Bloemfontein in order to protect his line of communication from attack." [8] On a later page General Cathcart is stated as leaving " the eighty-mile line of communication to be held by Moroko's Baralongs." [9] This is worthy of examination. In reply to the letter outlining the policy referred to above, the British Resident Green wrote: " I am of opinion with Your Excellency, that in the

[1] *Correspondence of Sir George Cathcart*, p. 81. (*Despatch to Secretary of State for the Colonies*, 21st June, 1852.)
[2] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., p. 625.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 624.
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 3.
[5] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basutos*, vol. i., p. 152.
[6] *Ibid.*, vol. i., pp. 137-8.
[7] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 148.
[8] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 149.
[9] *Ibid.*, vol. i., pp. 149-50.

event of hostilities with Moshesh the use of Native Auxiliaries should be avoided "[1]; in a letter to Sikonyela from General Cathcart occurs the passage, "I have desired a small supply of ammunition to be given to you,"[2] but there is no mention of any arms, nor any invitation to take part in the impending action; to Moroko, General Cathcart wrote: "I command you to go back to Thaba 'Nchu to-morrow morning and take no part in this war against Moshesh. All I require of you is to protect the road between this Camp and Bloemfontein."[3] The last sentence is very obviously a sop to Moroko's war-like pride, and was not a serious item in the plan of operations; but it would have been a pleasing sight to see Moroko placing his string of guards along the eighty-mile line of communication: for the total war strength of Moroko, according to the British Resident, was 300,[4] and the operation would probably have been completed a day or two after the action was over. No native troops whatever took part in the fighting, and General Cathcart did not go back on his laudable intentions.

The chief interest in the story centres round the number of cattle captured. In *The Basutos*, after mention has been made of the 3,500[5] brought in by Moshesh's son, Nehemiah, the author adds on a later page that after the action Col. Eyre brought in "several hundred cattle as the result of his day's work."[6] No other captured cattle are mentioned, but, in referring to General Cathcart's letter to Moshesh, quoted in the text, it is stated that it was not correct that the fine had been captured.[7] In point of fact, however, the number brought in by Col. Eyre was 1,500[8]; a further 4,000 (besides fifty-five horses and many sheep and goats) were contributed by Col. Napier;[9] making, with Nehemiah's 3,500, a total of 9,000. In addition to this, a herd of cattle and some horses were captured on the day following the action.[10] Moreover, in a letter to Moshesh, the Commandant and Field-cornets of the District of the Caledon River, in behalf of the inhabitants, said:

[1] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., p. 602. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 620.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 621.
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 596. The correct spelling is Moroka.
[5] *Ibid.*, Introduction, vol. ii., p. lxii.
[6] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basutos*, vol. i., p. 152.
[7] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 157.
[8] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., pp. 623, 626.
[9] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 624. [10] *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 4.

"We were delighted to hear that peace had been concluded after the fight of Berea on the 20th inst., *as we think the ends of justice were fully met*"[1]; it is more than unlikely that the Boers would have employed such language if they had reason to think a portion of the fine still due. But by far the most important piece of evidence is a letter written nine years later by Moshesh himself, in which he expressly says, what he indeed implied in his letter of submission, that the whole fine of 10,000 cattle was paid.[2]

These figures do not give much support to the plea that Moshesh was unable to pay the fine of 10,000 head of cattle, or that to raise in three days very many more than the 3,500 surrendered cattle "he must have swept off summarily the entire herds of his followers living near."[3] On the contrary, Col. Eyre states in his report, "we succeeded in capturing at least 30,000 head of cattle, with many horses having saddles on them";[4] they proved, however, too unwieldy for his small force to handle and he had to relinquish all but some fifteen hundred.

It has been suggested that none of the captured cattle were given to the Boers,[5] who were alleged to be the chief sufferers. It is true that General Cathcart, with great prudence, handed over the cattle brought in by Nehemiah to tribes who had proved their loyalty and upon whom he might have to rely in the event of a prolonged war; the greater portion, however, he placed at the disposal of the Resident to be given in compensation for the losses of the Boers, adding that he did so as a boon; but that he did not recognize the principle of compensation laid down by his predecessor, which might lead both to negligence and fraud.[6]

The original plan of action was for Colonel Eyre to cross the

[1] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 637. The only evidence to the contrary is contained in a letter from Mr. Assistant Commissioner Owen; there are, however, at least two other inaccurate statements in the letter; and its writer appears almost to have made a practice of protesting in similar circumstances. In forwarding one of these letters to the Colonial Office, General Cathcart says: "Mr. Assistant Commissioner Owen . . . is not satisfied with my course of conduct in this respect, which I am sorry for."

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 606. (*Letter from Moshesh to the High Commissioner* (*Sir Philip Wodehouse*), 6th December, 1861.)

[3] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basutos*, vol. i., p. 149.

[4] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., p. 625.

[5] Although this statement occurs in *The Basutos*, elsewhere there is an admission that a portion of the cattle were given to the Boers.

[6] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., p. 636.

neck of the Berea by a bridle-path and so afford cover for the movement of General Cathcart's force ; Colonel Napier with his cavalry was to make a reconnaissance round the east side of the mountain ; and both officers were to join the force under General Cathcart at noon.[1] What actually happened was that the two column-commanders took advantage of opportunities of capturing cattle, and left the attacks of 6,000 well-armed Basuto cavalry, repeated during half the day, to be beaten off by General Cathcart and his little band of 300 men,[2] mainly infantry, and " so vastly outnumbered was it that only bravery and discipline prevented Isandlwana being anticipated by a generation in South Africa."[3] It was to this circumstance that General Cathcart referred when he said he had been " somewhat left in the lurch," but he said it in a private letter to his brother, and *not* in a dispatch : the quotation on this point in *The Basutos* is a combination of two private letters; and after the words, " they are both fine fellows," the remainder of the sentence, " and therefore I say nothing about this in my dispatch," has been omitted ![4] Colonel Napier took his heavily accoutred cavalry, by some inexplicable means, to the top of the Berea Mountain, and there captured and secured an immense herd of cattle, descended the mountain with his booty, and brought it into camp in spite of all endeavours of the enemy to recapture it ; while this was happening a small party of Lancers mistook a water-course for the path by which they had ascended the mountain, and when they got to the bottom they were surrounded by the Basuto and massacred. Col. Eyre joined General Cathcart at 5 p.m., and together they marched into camp.[5] The statement that " General Cathcart was during that night far from comfortable. He was attacked at intervals while in bivouac in some old kraals, was cut adrift from Napier's cavalry column, his communications dangerously threatened and supplies limited,"[6] is not corroborated in the official reports : on the contrary, it is definitely stated that the firing ceased at 8 p.m.,[7] before the troops were in their bivouac.

[1] *Correspondence of Sir George Cathcart*, pp. 343-4. (*Letter to General the Earl Cathcart*, 13th Jan., 1853.)

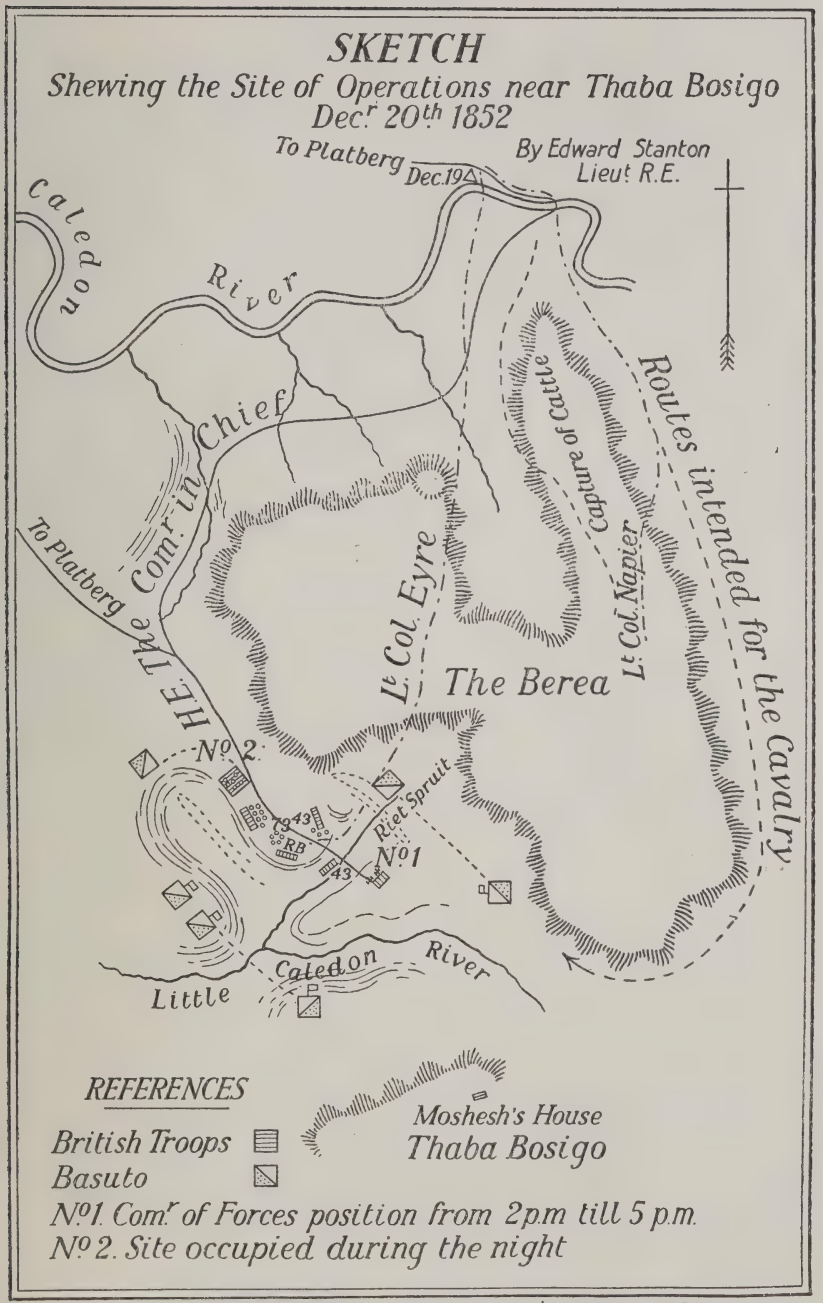
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 345. [3] Theal, *Basutoland Records*, Introduction, vol. ii., p. lxv.

[4] *Correspondence of Sir George Cathcart*, pp. 343-5.

[5] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., p. 623.

[6] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basutos*, vol. i., p. 152.

[7] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., p. 623.



RE-DRAWN FROM A SKETCH PUBLISHED IN GENERAL CATHCART'S CORRESPONDENCE
(NOTE: THABA BOSIGO IS MERELY ANOTHER SPELLING OF THABA BOSIU.)

After the action Moshesh sat down to consider the position. According to the author of *The Basutos*, "he was conscious of victory and dreaded its consequences more than defeat"; [1] according to Theal, "already Moshesh heard his people talking of abandoning the open country, betaking themselves and their belongings to the most inaccessible of the mountains, and there acting on the defensive only. The disorganization of the tribe was imminent"; [2] and according to the Rev. H. M. Dyke, who was present, "he saw that his people had received a salutary lesson from the undaunted courage and coolness with which the troops had received their attacks." [3] Anyhow, he sent a message for M. Casalis, and at midnight dictated to his literate son Nehemiah the following remarkable letter, which well deserves the description of "the most politic document that has ever been penned in South Africa":

"Thaba Bosigo,
"*Midnight, 20th December*, 1852.

"Your Excellency,—

"This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you—you have chastised—let it be enough; and let me no longer be considered an enemy to the Queen. I will try all I can to keep my people in order in the future.

"Your humble servant,
"(*Signed*) Moshesh." [4]

The reply in which his submission was accepted is also worth record here:

"Camp, Caledon River,
21*st December*, 1852.

"Chief Moshesh,—

"I have received your letter. The words are those of a Great Chief, and of one who has the interests of his people at heart. But I care little for words; I judge of men by their actions. I

[1] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basutos*, vol. i., p. 155.
[2] *Basutoland Records*, Introduction, vol. ii., p. lxvii.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 634.
[4] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 627.

told you that if you did not pay the fine, I must go and take it. I am a man who never breaks his word, otherwise the Queen would not have sent me here. I have taken the fine by force, and I am satisfied.

"I am not angry with your people for fighting in defence of their property; for those who fought, and fought well, were not all of them thieves, and I am sorry that many were killed. This is your fault; for if you had paid the fine, it would not have happened. I now desire not to consider you, Chief, as an enemy of the Queen, but I must proclaim Martial Law in the Sovereignty, to give the Commandants and the Field-cornets power to make commandos in a regular manner, and, with the consent of the Resident, enter your country in search of plundered horses and cattle that may be stolen after this time. And I expect you to assist them; for though you are a great Chief, it seems that you either do not, or cannot, keep your own people from stealing; and among the cattle you sent as part of your fine, there were three oxen, the property of Mr. Bain of Bloemfontein, stolen since I crossed the Caledon River. Now, therefore, Chief Moshesh, I consider your past obligations fulfilled, and hope that you will take measures to prevent such abuses in future. In the meantime, as the Queen's Representative, I subscribe myself,

"Your Friend,
"(*Signed*) Geo. Cathcart,
"*Governor.*

"P.S.—Chief, I shall be glad to see either yourself or your sons, in the same friendly manner and in the same good faith as before the fight, at Platberg to-morrow or next day, but I shall now send away the army, and go back to the Colony in a few days' time.
"(*Initialled*) G. C."[1]

In all the circumstances, it is difficult to understand how the author of *The Basutos*, obviously with the *Basutoland Records* in front of him, came to write of the reception of Moshesh's letter by General Cathcart: "The honeyed letter hit the mark. Sir George Cathcart was already sick of his experiences. He was miraculously given a loophole of escape from a grave position, as well as the opportunity

[1] *Basutoland Records*, vol. i., pp. 627-8.

to pose as a conqueror and transfer the burden of the future to others. His reply, penned apparently with nervous haste in sight of the astonished envoy, shows how little he understands the ways of the natives." [1] But whatever the conditions had been, it is difficult to see how any general could have refused such a plea for submission, or that the Home Government would pursue any other course than immediately to recall the man who embarked on a costly war after receiving it. To anyone who has read anything of Sir George Cathcart, his service in different parts of the Empire and his death at Inkerman, his own reasons for acceptance are preferable : " On my receiving this document—in my responsible position, where all rested on my decision, for, from the distance from home and other circumstances, a Governor in these Colonies has seldom the advantage of any definite instruction, and is generally, as I have been, left entirely to his own discretion—I recognized an important crisis, in which one false step might involve the nation in a Basuto war, and embarrass the Government, by perhaps irretrievably compromising the free option that now exists as to their future policy, in respect to the retention or abandonment of the sovereign rights and obligations of this territory, and at the same time leaving a state of irritation and excitement which might aggravate and perpetuate all the evils I came to allay ; and requiring an army of occupation to counteract the consequences ; whereas the abject and complete submission of the enemy, the sincerity of which I have no cause to doubt, and the forced payment of the penalty which has been accomplished and admitted, were all the solid advantages I could ever hope to gain.

" Under these circumstances, I thought it my duty to accept the chief's submission, without further prosecution of the war." [2]

To most of us who know the ground (and a good idea of the difficulty it presents to heavy cavalry may be gained from the water-colour drawing) and have read the Records, General Cathcart appears to have done an extremely good day's work, and if there were more such in other punitive expeditions there would be many pages in the history of the Empire which would read less sadly.

But the heading of the next chapter in *The Basutos* is a quota-

[1] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basutos*, vol. i., p. 155.

[2] *Basutoland Records*, vol. ii., p. 4. (*Despatch to Secretary of State*, 13th January, 1853.)

tion from Burke ; it concludes, with apparent reference to Cathcart and his advisers : " They never had any kind of system, right or wrong ; but only invented occasionally some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted." [1]

* * * * *

To-day the verandah of the British Residency at Maseru commands an open view of Lancers' Gap and the surrounding country. It is likely enough that the traveller will be told how it stands as a monumental warning against rash undertakings. It is perhaps too late in the day to embark on a defence of a soldier who died seventy years ago, but, if ever an occupant of the Residency is in need of inspiration, there is no better place in which to look for it than Lancers' Gap.

[1] Sir Godfrey Lagden, *The Basuto,* vol. i., p. 161.

Appendix B

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

Aborigines Protection Society : *The Basuto War. A Brief Reply to Sir Bartle Frere's Article in "The Nineteenth Century."* Pamphlet. 16 pp. London, 1881.

Arbousset, *Rev.* Thomas : *Relation d'un Voyage d'Exploration au Nord-Est de la Colonie du Cap de Bonne-Esperance, entrepris dans les mois de Mars, Avril et Mai, 1836, par MM. T. Arbousset et F. Daumas, Missionaires de la Société des Missions Evangéliques de Paris.* Map and Plates. 608 pp. Paris, 1842 ; Capetown, 1846 ; London and Aberdeen, 1852.

Barkly, *Mrs.* : *Among Boers and Basutos.* 273 pp. London, 1893.

Broadbent, *Rev.* Samuel : *A Narrative of the First Introduction of Christianity amongst the Barolong tribe of Bechuanas, South Africa.* 204 pp. London, 1865.

Brownlee, Charles : *Reminiscences of Kaffir life and history, and other papers.* Pp. viii, 403. (Contains a chapter on the Basuto War. Pp. 204–39.) Lovedale, 1896.

Burton, M. S. B. : *In Basutoland.* Pamphlet. 1903.

Correspondence of Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, K.C.B., Relative to his Military Operations in Kaffraria until the termination of the Kaffir War, and to his Measures for the future place on that Frontier, and the Protection and Welfare of the People of South Africa. Maps and Sketches. 404 pp. London, 1856.

Carnarvon, H. H. M. Herbert, *4th Earl of : Speeches on the Affairs of West Africa and South Africa. Affairs of Basutoland,* pp. 413–21. London, 1903.

Casalis, *Rev.* Eugène : *Études sur la Langue Séchuana.* 103 pp. Paris, 1841.

Casalis, *Rev.* Eugène : *Mes Souvenirs.* Paris, 1884.

——— *My Life in Basutoland, a Story of Missionary Enterprise in South Africa.* 293 pp. London, 1889.

——— *The Basutos, or Twenty-three years in South Africa.* Illustrated, 355 pp. London, 1861.

Case of the Paris Evangelical Mission in Basutoland. Compiled from Official Records, with a few Explanatory Notes. Pamphlet. 48 pp. Grahamstown, 1848.

Chesson, F. W. : *The Basuto War. A brief reply to Sir Bartle Frere's article in "The Nineteenth Century,"* pp. 16. Westminster, 1881.

Christol, Frédéric : *Au Sud de l'Afrique.* Illustrated, 308 pp. Paris, 1897. 2nd Edition, Paris, 1900.

——— *L'Art dans l'Afrique australe. Impressions et souvenirs de Mission.* Avec 220 dessins de l'auteur. Pp. xxi, 145. Paris, 1911.

Dornan, *Rev.* S. S. : *The Geology of Basutoland.* Second Edition. 1908.

Ellenberger, *Rev.* D. F., V.D.M. : *History of the Basuto, Ancient and Modern. Compiled by the Rev. D. F. Ellenberger and written in English by J. C. Macgregor.* Map and Portrait. 396 pp. London, 1912.

Freeman, J. J. : *A Tour in South Africa.* (Contains a description of Moshesh and his people.)

Jacottet, E. : *Contes Populaires des Bassoutos.* 315 pp. Paris, 1895.

——— *The Native Churches and their Organisation.* Pamphlet, 30 pp. Morija, 1905.

——— *The Treasury of Basuto Lore.* Vol. i., 287 pp. Morija, 1908.

Jacottet, F. : *Contes.* 1859.

Keith, A. B. : *A Historical Geography of the British Colonies.* Vol. iv., Part iii. 2nd Edition. Map, 332 pp. Oxford, 1913.

Lagden, *Sir* Godfrey, K.C.M.G., formerly Resident Commissioner in Basutoland : *The Basutos, the Mountaineers and their*

Country, being a Narrative of Events relating to the Tribe from its Formation early in the Nineteenth Century to the Present Day. Illustrated, 2 vols., 690 pp. London, 1909.

Laurence, William Moorsom : *Selected Writings.* Pp. xi, 163 (pp. 73–114 deal with the Basuto War). Grahamstown, 1882.

Livre d'or de la Mission du Lessouto : soixante-quinze ans de l'histoire d'une tribu Sud-africaine 1833–1908. Preface de M. A. Boegner. Avec 262 gravures dans le texte, une planche et une carte hors texte. Pp. xxix, 693. Paris, 1912.

Malan, C. H. : *La mission Française du Sud de l'Afrique : impressions d'un ancien soldat.* 234 pp. Paris, 1878.

——— *South African Missions.* 298 pp. London, 1876.

Mabille, A. : *The Basuto of Basutoland.* Pamphlet, 19 pp. London, 1906. (First published in the *Journal of the African Society*, No. xix., April, 1906.)

Macgregor, J C., Assistant Commissioner, Leribe (now Resident Commissioner, Bechuanaland) : *Basuto Traditions, Being a Record of the Traditional History of the more important of the Tribes which form the Basuto Nation up to the time of their being absorbed.* Illustrated, paper covers, 67 pp. Capetown, 1905.

Martin, Minnie : *Basutoland, its Legends and Customs.* 182 pp. London, 1903.

Moshesh, Nehemiah : *A Little Light from Basutoland.* Pp. 25. Capetown, 1880. Reprint from *Cape Monthly Magazine.* 3rd Series, 1880, pp. 221–33 and 280–92.

Official report of proceedings at the Pitso, or annual gathering of the Basutos and other native tribes residing in British Basutoland, Cape of Good Hope. Pp. 43. Capetown, 1879.

Orpen, Joseph M. : *History of the Basutos.* By the *Argus* Commissioner. (Published anonymously.) 143 pp. Capetown, 1858.

——— *Reminiscences.*

——— *Some principles of native government, and the petitions of the Basuto tribe regarding land, law, representation and disarmament to the Cape considered. Respectfully presented to Parliament by J. M. Orpen, Member of the House of Assembly.* Pp. 80. Capetown, 1880.

QUEEN *v.* NEHEMIAH MOSHESH. *Statement made by Nehemiah when in prison, for the guidance of counsel. Printed for private circulation only.* 18 pp. King William's Town, 1877.

Report of Basuto deputation, 1st and 2nd April, 1909. Pp. 8. Bloemfontein, 1909.

SARGANT, E. B.: *Report on Education in Basutoland*, 1905–6. 221 pp. London, 1906.

SCHRUMPF, C.: *Sud-afrikanische Reise-Bilder. Tagebuch meiner Ruckreise aus dem Innern Sud-Afrikas nach der Capstadt, in den Monaten Oktober, November und Dezember*, 1857. 84 pp. (In this there is a Sesuto song, but very little else about Basutoland.) Strassburg, 1859.

——— *Sudafrikanische Cap- und atlantische See-Bilder: mit Anhang: Die Bassuto wie sie sind.* 60 pp. Strassburg, 1861.

SMITH, *Dr.* A.: *Exploration of Central Africa.* (Gives an account of a meeting with Moshesh.) Pamphlet. 1836.

SPRIGG, *Sir* J. C.: *Speech delivered by the Colonial Secretary on Disarmament of the Basutos and the Native Policy of the Government.* Pamphlet, 58 pp. Capetown, 1880.

STOW, GEORGE W.: *Native Races of South Africa.* Illustrated, 618 pp. London, 1905.

THEAL, GEORGE MCCALL, *Litt.D., LL.D.*: *A Fragment of Basuto History.* 188 pp. Capetown, 1886.

——— *Basutoland Records: Copies of Official Documents of various kinds, Accounts of Travellers, etc., with Maps and Sketches of Boundary Lines.* (Covers the period 1833–68.) 3 vols., 2142 pp. Capetown, 1883.

——— *Boers and Bantu.* Illustrated, 128 pp. Capetown, 1886.

——— *Ethnography of South Africa*, 1505–1795. Vol. i. London.

——— *South Africa as it is.* Chap. 4. 64 pp. King William's Town, 1874.

——— *History of South Africa*, 1795–1872. London.

——— *History of South Africa since September*, 1895. Maps. Vol. iv. London, 1908.

Twenty-five Years' soldiering in South Africa. A personal narrative by a Colonial Officer (i.e. H. V. Woon). Pp. xvi, 447. London, 1909.

Appendix B

WIDDICOMBE, *Rev.* JOHN : *Fourteen Years in Basutoland. A Sketch of African Mission Life.* Illustrated, 368 pp. London, 1891.

With the Cape Mounted Rifles. Four years' service in South Africa. By an ex-C.M.R. Pp. xvi, 262 (pp. 203–62 deal with Basutoland). London, 1881.

SCIENTIFIC PAPERS, MAGAZINE ARTICLES, ETC.

ANON : *Coal in Basutoland.* Pp. 173–6, vol. vi., *Cape Monthly Magazine*, 1873.

ANON : *History of the Church in Basutoland.* Pp. 302–6, 363–8, vol. v., *Catholic Magazine*, South Africa, 1914.

AYLWARD, A. : *Basuto. Fraser's Magazine*, vol. 25, p. 329, 1882.

BIGELOW, P. : *The Basutos, the Last of a Great Black Nation. Harper's Magazine*, March, 1897.

BRIGHT, H. E. R. : *The Geology of Basutoland.* Pp. 223–7, vol. ix., *Cape Monthly Magazine*, 1874.

CASSIDY, J. : *The Basuto at Home. Chambers's Journal*, July, 1901.

CASALIS, A. : *Trials and Triumphs in Basutoland. Missionary Review*, December, 1903.

CASALIS, M. A. : *The Chiefs of Basutoland. Missionary Review*, January, 1900.

CASALIS, *Dr.* G. : *Basutoland.* P. 11, *The South African Climate*, London, 1897.

CHURCHILL, F. F. : *A National Park.* (Mont aux Sources.) Illustrated. Vol. iv., *State*, 1910.

CONE, ADA : *The French Mission in Basutoland. Sunday Strand*, April, 1900.

DORNAN, *Rev.* S. S. : *The Basutos, their Traditional History and Folk-lore.* Pp. 65–94, vol. viii., *Proceedings of the Rhodesian Scientific Association*, 1908.

FAIRCLOUGH, T. L. : *Expedition to Mont aux Sources, Basutoland. Proceedings of the Liverpool Geographical Society*, 1899.

——— *Notes on the Basuto ; Their History, Country, etc. Journal of the African Society*, vol. xiv., 1905.

FERGUSON, P. : *Rev. Adolph Mabille and the French Protestant Mission in Basutoland. Missionary Review*, May, 1895.

FINCHER, N. (*Mrs.* WILLIAM WELLS) : *Basutoland : A Modern Utopia.* Pp. 811–16, *South African Railways and Harbours Magazine*, 1918.

FISHER, J. : *The Kaffir and the Basuto Campaigns of* 1852 *and* 1853. *United Service Magazine*, August, 1898.

FOWLER, WILLIAM, M.P. : *The Basutos and Sir Bartle Frere.* Pp. 547–57, *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1881.

FRERE, *Right Hon. Sir* HENRY BARTLE : *The Basutos and the Constitution of the Cape of Good Hope.* Pp. 177–200, No. 47, *Nineteenth Century*, 1881.

GLANVILLE, T. B. : *A "Pitso" (Basutoland Parliament).* P. 428, vol. xviii., *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1876.

GRIFFITH, CHARLES : *Some Observations on Witchcraft in Basutoland.* Pp. 87–92, vol. i., *Transactions of the South African Philosophical Society*, Capetown.

JACOTTET, E. : *Contes populaires des Bassoutos. Revue des Traditions populaires*, 1888–90.

KILPIN, *Sir* E. F. : *The Basutos in* 1883. Pp. 243–6, vol. viii., *State*, 1912.

LAGDEN, *Sir* GODFREY : *Basutoland and the Basuto.* Pp. 347–62, vol. xvii., *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, 1901.

——— *Basutoland and the Basuto.* Pp. 254–84, vol. xxxii., *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute*, 1901.

MACGREGOR, J. C. : *Some Notes on the Basuto Tribal System, Political and Social.* Pp. 276–81, *South African Journal of Science*, 1910.

MACLEOD, J. A.: *Reminiscences of a Holiday in Basutoland.* P. 670, *Good Words*, 1900.

MARZOLFF, H. : *Developments of Conscience among the Native Christians of Basutoland. Missionary Review*, February, 1896.

MATHEWS, G. D. : *Among the Basutos. Sunday at Home*, March, 1900.

NORTON, *Rev.* W. A. : *Sesuto Songs and Music.* Pp. 314–6, *South African Journal of Science*, 1910.

PHILLIPS, E. P.: *A Contribution to the Flora of Leribe Plateau and Environs, with a Discussion on the Relationship of the Flora of Basutoland, the Kalahari and the South-Eastern Regions.* Pp. 1–379, *Annual of South African Museum*, 1917.

RAWSON, H. E.: *The Basuto.* Pp. 153–60, vol. ix., *Journal of African Society*, 1910.

SECHEFO, J.: *The Twelve Lunar Months among the Basuto.* Pp. 71–81, vol. v., *Anthropos*, 1910.

SELBORNE, 2*nd Earl of*: *The South African Protectorates.* Pp. 353–64, vol. xiii., *Journal of the African Society*, 1914.

SETON, M.: *Basutoland. Asiatic Quarterly Review*, January, 1899.

SLOLEY, *Sir* H. C.: *Recent Developments in Basutoland.* Pp. 111–24, vol. xvi., *Journal of the African Society*, 1917.

WINTER, *Rev.* J. A.: *The Tradition of Ra 'lolo.* pp. 87–100, vol. ix., South African Association for the Advancement of Science, 1912.

WYBERGH, W.: *First Ascent of Mont aux Sources.* Illustrated. Pp. 337–48, vol. v., *State*, 1911.

BOOKS ON SESUTO, ETC.

BEYER, G.: *Peli Sesuto Grammar.* Morija.

CASALIS, A.: *English-Sesuto Vocabulary.* 4th edition, 214 pp. Morija, 1915.

DIETERLEN, *Rev.* H.: *Sesuto-English Vocabulary.* Morija, 1914.
——— *Bahlankana ba Fora.* Morija.

DYKE A.: *Leeto la ho Egepeta le Palestine* (Travels in Egypt and Palestine). Illustrated. Morija.

ELLENBERGER, D. F.: *History ea Basotho ea mehleng ea Boholoholo.* Morija.

JACOTTET, E.: *Practical Method to learn Sesuto.* 225 pp. Morija.
——— *Treasury of Basuto Lore* (Sesuto and English). Vol. i., 287 pp. Morija, 1908.

KRUGER, F. H.: *Steps to learn the Sesuto Language.* 4th edition, 127 pp. Morija, 1905. Original edition, 1878.

MABILLE, *Rev.* A. : *Sesuto-English Dictionary.* Revised and Enlarged by H. Dieterlen. 4th edition, 511 pp. Morija, 1906.
——— *Sesuto-English Phrase Book.* Morija.
——— *English-Sesuto Vocabulary.* Morija, 1894.
MANGOAELA, Z. D. : *Har's libatana le Linyamatsane* (Hunting Stories). Morija.
——— *Tsoelo-pele ea Lesotho.* (Progress in Basutoland.) Morija.
——— *Lithoko tsa marena a Basotha.* Morija.
MOFOLO, TH. : *Moeti oa Bochabela* (A tale of old Basutoland). Morija.
——— *Pitseng.* Out of print. Morija.
MOTSAMAI, E. : *Mehla ea Malimo* (Tales of the cannibals of old). Morija.

SEGOETE, E. : *Raphepheng* (Native Life). Morija.
——— *Monone ke moholi, ke moucone.* A Native novel. Morija.
SEKESE, A. : *Mekhoa le Maele a Basotho* (Customs and Proverbs of the Basuto). Morija, 1907.

History ea Bakhothu (History of the Koranas). Morija.
Melao ea Lerotholi (Laws of Lerotholi). Morija.
Litaba tsa Lekhotla la Sechaba la 1912, 1913, 1914, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1921 (Reports of the Proceedings of the Basutoland National Council in 1912, 1913, 1914, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1921). Morija.
Litsomo tsa Basotho (Folk Tales of the Basuto, vols. i. and ii.). Morija.

BLUE BOOKS, ETC.

The following list contains the more important of Imperial Blue Books and Parliamentary Papers, and also Official Publications by the Cape Government and by authority of the High Commissioner, up to 1921.

1868–9. XLIII. 4140.
Despatches on the subject of the recognition of Moshesh, Chief of the Basutos, and his Tribe, as British subjects. x + 134 pp.
Despatches from Sir P. Wodehouse, Colonel Bisset, Lieutenant-Governor Keate, the Duke of Buckingham, and others.

1870. C. 18 ; C. 99.
Further Papers ; Aliwal North Convention ; Bloemfontein Convention (1854).

1873.
Report and evidence of the Commission on Native Laws and Customs of the Basuto. Published by the Government of the Cape Colony. Pp. 68.

1877. C. 1748.
Rumoured Cession of Basutoland to Orange Free State.

1877.
Précis of Information concerning South Africa. The Eastern Frontier of the Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Basutoland, with special reference to the Native Tribes. Prepared in the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department, Horse Guards, War Office. Pp. 84, with map. London.

1878–9. C. 2318.
Report on Disturbances.

1879. C. 2374.
Basuto War. v + 151 pp.

1880. C. 2482.
Condition and proposed Disarmament of Basutos. 2 maps. xiv + 525 pp.

1880. C. 2569.
Correspondence *re* Affairs of Basutoland (Proclamation of Disarmament, 6th April, 1880). iv + 52 pp.

1880. C. 2695.
Sir Bartle Frere's Observations on Basuto Affairs. Map. vi + 87 pp.

1880.
Basutoland—Administration. Some particulars of native Government illustrated and the petitions of the Basuto tribe regarding land law representation and disarmament to the Cape Parliament considered. Pp. 80. Capetown.

1881. H.L. 14.
Condition of French Protestant Missionaries.

1881. H.L. 145.
Telegram relating to the Basuto War.

1881. C. 2740.
Employment of Imperial Troops. vii + 127 pp.

1881. C. 2754 ; C. 2755 ; C. 2783 ; C. 2821 ; C. 2964.
Correspondence *re* Affairs of Basutoland. Part I. Map. xi + 356 pp.
Part II. vi + 129 pp.
Part III. v + 29 pp.
War and proposed Disarmament of Basutos; Raids of Basutos into Natal ; Events of Basuto Rebellion ; Peace Negotiations and Terms of Submission.

1882. C. 3112.
Disturbed conditions of Basutoland. 2 maps. vii + 133 pp.

1882. C. 3175.
General Affairs.

1883. C. 3493.
Correspondence *re* Affairs in Basutoland and re-organisation of Colonial Forces. 5 maps. 96 pp.

1883. C. 3708.
Correspondence *re* Basutoland and proposals of the Cape Government. iv + 129 pp.

1883. C. 3717.
Proposed withdrawal of Colonial Government.

1883.
Basutoland Records: Copies of Official Documents of Travellers, etc., 1833–68. With maps and sketches. 3 vols. 2142 pp. Capetown.

1884. C. 3855.
Transfer of Administration from Cape Colony to High Commissioner.

1884–5. C. 4263.
Anticipated Disturbances. viii + 113 pp.

1885. C. 4589.
Chiefly respecting Basutoland. From Sir Hercules Robinson to the Colonial Office. vi + 66 pp.

1885. C. 4644.
Liquor Traffic and the Orange Free State.

1886. C. 4838 ; C. 4907.
Liquor Traffic, Border Questions between Sir Hercules Robinson, Lieut.-Gen. H. Torrens, and the Colonial Office, respecting Basutoland and the Orange Free State. iv + 56 pp.

1886.
War Office. Short History of Basutoland, chiefly from Blue Books, prepared by Captain L. Darwin. Map. Pp. 14. London.

1890. C. 5897.
Visit of Sir H. Lock, in April, 1890.

1890. C. 6102.
Liquor Traffic.

1896.
The Condition of Basutoland. Paper in *Board of Trade Journal*, May.

1898. C. 8650.
Reports. (Rinderpest and Education.)

1899. C. 9048.
Reports. (Differences between Lerotholi and Masupha.)

1901. Cd. 431.
Reports. (Attitude of Basutos during South African War.)

1901. Cd. 614.
Medical Report, 1899.

1905. Cd. 2378, Cd. 7622.
Educational System.

1905.
System of Education in Basutoland (H. C. Sloley). Board of Education Report. Vol. XIII, 1905.

1906. C. 3094.
Reports of the High Commissioner on his visits to Basutoland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate in 1906. 20 pp.

1908. Cd. 4196.
National Council, Report of Proceedings.

1909.
High Commissioner's Proclamations and Notices to June 30th, 1909. Capetown.

1909. Cd. 4448.
Surveys, British Africa.

1911.
Basutoland Census. Pp. 61. Capetown, 1911.

1911. Cd. 5467.
Surveys, British Africa.

1913.
Orders in Council, High Commissioner's Proclamations and Government Notices, issued during the period 12th March, 1868, to the 30th June, 1913.

1917.
High Commissioner's Proclamations and Government Notices issued during the period July 1st, 1913, to December, 1916.

1921.
Basutoland Census. Pretoria.
Basutoland Annual Reports.

Appendix C

ADMINISTRATION AND STATISTICS

The Territory (it is *not* a Protectorate) is governed by a Resident Commissioner under the direction of the High Commissioner for South Africa. Legislation is put into force by proclamation.

The Chiefs decide all cases between natives, who have the right of appeal, rarely exercised, to the British Magistrate's Courts, where all cases between natives and Europeans are also brought.

The National Council sits under the presidency of the Resident Commissioner ; it is advisory and has no executive power ; its members number a hundred, ninety-five of whom are chosen by the chiefs and five by the Government.

The Chiefs are in charge of sub-divisions of the seven districts : Maseru, Leribe, Mohale's Hoek, Mafeteng, Quthing, Qachas Nek and Teyateyaneng. An Assistant Commissioner is in charge of Government administration in each of these.

If there may be said to be any system in the native administration, it is that chieftainship is hereditary. General attention has recently been drawn to the abuse of power by the chiefs, but it is difficult to see how to improve the position. At present there are no sure means by which the erring chief may be made to feel the strength of the Government, unless he commits a definitely criminal offence. The state of native administration may therefore be well imagined.

As has already been observed, individual proprietorship of land is not recognized in Basutoland. Hence Europeans are not allowed to settle in the country without obtaining special permission. There are at present 185 licensed traders.

The seat of Government is at Maseru, where there is a population of approximately 2,300 natives and 400 whites. It is the only place in Basutoland reached by the railway (1905), and by rail it is 830 miles distant from Capetown via Bloemfontein, from Durban 600 miles, and from Johannesburg 340 miles. The average yearly rainfall at Maseru is about 31 inches.

The total population according to the 1921 Census is 498,781 in an area of 11,716 square miles : 42·57 persons to the square mile.

The European population is 1,603 ; of this number, however, 737 are females and 272 are children under seven.

There are 164 Indians and no Indian question.

The illiterate population is 408,397 ; the heathen, 359,117 ; the French Protestant, 66,883 ; the Roman Catholic, 38,894 ; and the Church of England, 18,839.

The principal tribal divisions are : Basuto, 418,483 ; Zulu, 24,862 ; Fingo, 19,355 ; Tembu, 17,761 ; Pondo, 3,482 ; and Ndebele, Matabele, Swazi and Xosa each approximately 1,700.

Although polygamy is practised, over 80 per cent. of the married males possess only one wife ; there are, however, two proud, if not happy, possessors of thirty-five wives, and one of thirty-four. But it is an expensive business, and the Mosuto prefers putting his money into cattle.

Education is encouraged by the Government, and in 1921 over £20,000 was spent upon it. There are 417 schools and 31,894 scholars. At Maseru there is an industrial school which trains masons, carpenters, etc., and the various Missions maintain schools, such as those at Morija, Masite and Roma. The Morija printing works are a credit to any native territory. Large numbers of Basuto work on four-monthly contract on the mines at Kimberley or on the Rand ; others work on farms in the Orange Free State.

The principal exports are grain, cattle, wool and horses ; the principal imports ploughs, blankets, saddlery, hardware, groceries and brandy (a forbidden one). The extent of the present

depression may be gauged by a comparison of the figures for 1919 and 1921 :

	Exports.	*Imports.*
1919	£1,380,119	£1,137,037
1921	£510,448	£556,453
	Revenue.	*Expenditure.*
1918-19	£191,428	£180,881
1920-21	£226,323	£252,953

Until recently, Basutoland more than paid its way. Expenditure is mainly on upkeep of hospitals, bridges, Government offices and quarters, the leper asylum and roads. The roads are execrable, but the material is often not to hand to make them better.

The Native Agricultural figures are particularly interesting :

Cattle	574,415
Horses	152,325
Sheep and Goats	2,748,683
Mules and Donkeys	6,284
Ploughs	29,645
Vehicles (wagons, etc.)	4,720

From these figures it is possible to gain a real idea of the wealth of the Basuto people, even in the present time of stress. To every man, woman and child in Basutoland there are 15 acres of land, 1 head of cattle, $5\frac{1}{2}$ sheep and goats, a horse to every three and a plough to every seventeen ; to every married man there are approximately 120 acres, 9 head of cattle, 43 sheep and goats, $2\frac{1}{2}$ horses and a plough to every two. And such a record is hard to beat.

Index

Agriculture, origin of, 51, 52; Basuto methods, 61, 62, 63; Statistics, 127
Animals, domestication of, 51

Bafokeng tribe, 29, 30, 32
Bakoena tribe, 30, 32
Bale girls, 87, 88
Bamonaheng chiefs, 30
Bantu, effect on Bushmen, 28; early history, 28–30
Barolong tribe, 29, 49, 55
Barotseland, invasion by Sebotoane, 49
Basutoland, size, boundaries and population, 17 and Appendix C.
Basuto and Bechuana tribes, comparison with Zulu, 55 *et seq.*
Batlokoa under Chieftainess Mantatisi, 47, 48
Beer making, 71
Berea Mountain, battle of, 42, 43 and Appendix A.
Bibliography, Appendix B.
Boers, relations with Moshesh, 42, 44, 107
British protection, 44
Burial and burial-places, 20, 86, 90
Burnet, John, extracts from letters of, 45 (note), 46–47 (note)
Bushmen, 25–28, 51, 52, 55, 56, 57
Butha Buthe Mountain, 36, 47, 48

Caledon River, 17, 23
Cannibalism, 28, 36, and note
Casalis, Rev. E., 38 (note), 39, 40 and Bibliography
Cathcart, General, expedition against Moshesh, 42, 43 and Appendix A.
Cattle raids by Basuto, 41, 44, 46
Chaka, Chief, 18, 32, 41, 49
Chiefs, powers and privileges of, 58 *et seq.*
Children, 67 *et seq.*, 79, 82
Council, National, 50, 125

Dancing, 72, 88
Death, 85, 86, 89, 90

Erosion, soil, 24, 66
Evil Spirits, 89

Family circle and customs, 63, 64, 67–73, 75–79

Folk tales, 93 *et seq.*; universality of, 93; theories on similarity, 93–94; effect of modern conditions on, 95; subjects, 95–96
Four Young Men, Tale of the, 98

Greeting, forms of, 67
Grey, Sir G., 44
Griffith, Chief, 50, 78
Games, 72, 73

Hospitality, 81 *et seq.*
Huts, type of, 63, 64

Initiation ceremonies, 29, 87, 88

Jackal, Tale of the, 96
Jacottet, E., 82 (note), 95 (note) and Bibliography

Kalahari Desert visited by Mohlomi, 34
Kraals, 57, 58, 64, 82, 90
Khiba dance, 72
Koena, 30

Lancers' Gap, 19, 112
Land tenure, 61, 125
Language, 14 (note) 25, 50, 96
Law, among Bushmen a *taboo*, 26; patriarchal stage, 52; in the *lekhotla*, 58–60
Legends, 93 *et seq.*
Lekhotla, or meeting-place, methods, 58–60, 73
Lelapa or reed enclosure around houses, 64, 88
Leribe District, 30, 32, 33, 125
Lerotholi, Chief, 50, 78
Letsie I, Chief, 45, 50, 78
Letsie II, Chief, 50, 78
Libe, Chief, 31
Lifaqane wars, 28 and note, 36

Maluti Mountains, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23
'Maletsunyane River and Falls, 23
Mantatisi, Chieftainess, 36, 47, 48
Marriage, among Bushmen, 26; institution of permanent, 51; among Basuto, 75 *et seq.*
Masupha, Chief, 45, 82
Matabele, 40, 50, 55, 56
Matabeleland, 32
Matuoane, Chief, 40, 48
Missionaries, advent of, 42, 95

Mohlomi, Chief, 30, 33, 34, 35, 36, 45, 48, 86
Mokhachane, Chief, father of Moshesh, 31, 34, 58; character, 37 *et seq.*
Molapo, Chief, 45, 78
Monaheng, Chief, 30, 31, 33
Moorosi, Chief of the Baputi, 41
Moraba-raba game, 72, 73
Moselekatse, Chief of the Matabele, 19, 32, 40, 49
Moshesh, Chief, 19, 50, 65, 78, 81, 82, 86; parentage, 31; absorption of other tribes, 31, 32; upbringing, 35, 36; appearance, 39; defeat of Chiefs Matuoane and Moselekatse, 40, 41; alliances with Chaka and other chiefs, 41; welcoming of missionaries, 42; relations with Boers and General Cathcart, 42 and Appendix A; death, 44; character, 45–47; witchcraft, attitude towards, 46, 91
'Mualle, Chief, 31

Napo, 30
National Council, 50, 125
Ntsoanatsatsi, 30
Ntlo-e-kholo, 19, 41

Orange River, 17, 23

Peete, Chief, 31, 36
Pitso or tribal meetings, 58, 118
Pony, Basuto, 65
Population, 17, 20, 126

Quthing District, 89, 125
Qomogomong River, 89

Rakotsoane's cannibals, 36, 37

St. John's River, 17
Sebotoane, Chief, 48, 49
Sekate, Chief, 30
Sekonyela, Chief, 41, 48
Senate, 78
Setapo dance, 72
Sethabathaba, 58
Superstition, 85 *et seq.*

Thaba Bosiu, 18, 19, 36, 37, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 46, 47, 48, 82, and see Sketch facing p. 108
Traditions, oral, 29
Theal, Dr., historian, 27, 45 (note), 104 (note), 109 and Bibliography
Tribal divisions, 29, 30

Tsoloane, Chief, 30, 31
Tugela River, 17

Villages, 57
Voet, Piet Wet, brigand and leader of the Korannas, 41, 42

Wepener, 19
Witchcraft and superstition, 33, 46, 85; an antidote against, 76; its effects on youth, 87; employed against successful rivals, 86; dead bodies used for, 87; in initiation ceremonies, 88; in illness, 85, 89; Mosuto's logical attitude towards, 87

Zulu, comparison with Basuto and Bechuana tribes, 55 *et seq.*

LIBRARY
JUN 7 1976
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

DT
782
D8

Dutton, Eric Aldhelm Torlough
The basuto of Basutoland

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF. POS ITEM C
39 08 13 13 02 015 3